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JESSIE LORING;

OR,

THE HAND BUT NOT THE HEART.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY T. S. ARTHUR.

(Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1858, by T. S. Arthur, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Penn.)

CHAPTER IV.

On leaving Mr. Dexter, Jessie Loring almost flew to her room, like one escaping from peril. Closing and locking the door, she crossed the apartment, and falling forward against the bed, sunk down upon her knees, and buried her face in a pillow. She did not pray. There was no power in her to lift a petition upwards. But weak in bewilderment of spirit and abandonment of will, she bent in deep prostration of soul and body.

It was nearly an hour before she arose. Very calm had her mind become in this long interval—very calm and very clear. With the plummet line of intense thought, quickened by keen perception, she had sounded the depths of her heart. She found places there—capacities for loving—intense yearnings—which had remained hidden until now. The current of her life had hitherto run smoothly in the sunshine, its surface gleaming and in breezy ripples. But the stream had glided from the open meadows and the sunshine, and the shadow of a great rock had fallen upon it. The surface was still as glass; and now, as she looked downward, she almost shuddered as sight descended away, away into bewildering depths. She held her breath as she gazed, like one suspended in mid-air.

"Too late! too late!" she murmured, as she lifted herself up. "Too late!"

Her countenance was pale; even haggard. There was no color in her lips—her eyes were leaden—her aspect like one who had been shocked with the news of a great calamity.

Mrs. Loring, Jessie's aunt, had been informed by the servant of whom she made inquiry, as to the identity of the gentlemen who had called that morning to see her niece—or at least as to the identity of one of them. She did not make out, by the servant's description, the personality of Mr. Hendrickson, but that of Mr. Dexter was clear enough. She was also informed that the one whose name she could not guess, made only a brief visit, and that Mr. Dexter remained long, and was for most of the time, in earnest conversation with Jessie. Her hopes gave her conclusions a wide latitude. She doubted not that the elegant, wealthy suitor was pressing a claim for the hand of her niece.

"Will she be such a little fool as to throw this splendid chance away?" she questioned with herself. "No—no;" was the answer. "Jessie will not dare to do it! She is a strange girl in some things, and wonderfully like her mother; but she will never refuse Leon Dexter, if so lucky as to get an offer."

Mrs. Loring heard Mr. Dexter leave the house, and with expectation on tip toe, waited for Jessie to join her in the sitting-room. But while she yet listened for the sound of footsteps on the stairs below, her ears caught the light rustle of her garment as she glided along the passages and away to her own chamber.

"Something has taken place!" said Mrs. Loring to herself. "There's been a proposal, I'll bet my life on't! Why didn't the girl come and tell me at once? Ain't I her nearest relative—and haven't I always been like an own mother to her. But she's so peculiar—just as Alice used to be. I don't believe I shall ever understand her."

And Mrs. Loring fretted a little in her moderate way, not being capable of any very profound emotion. Ten, fifteen, twenty minutes—half an hour she waited for Jessie to appear. But there was no movement in the neighborhood of her chamber.

"Didn't Jessie go to her room, after the gentleman went away?" asked Mrs. Loring, speaking to a servant, who was passing down the stairs.

"Yes, ma'am."

"Is she there now?"

"I believe so, ma'am. I haven't seen her anywhere about the house."

The servant passed on, and Mrs. Loring waited for full half an hour longer. Then, unable to repress impatient curiosity, she went to Jessie's room and knocked at the door. Twice she knocked before there was a sound of life within. Then she heard footsteps—a bolt was withdrawn, and the door opened.

"Jessie!" exclaimed Mrs. Loring, "how white you are! What has happened?"

"Come in, dear aunt!" said Jessie, "I have been wanting to see you; but had not yet made up my mind to seek you in the sitting-room. I am glad you are here."

Mrs. Loring passed in, and Jessie closed the door.

"Take this seat, aunt," and she pointed to an easy chair: "I will sit here," drawing a lower one close to that which Mrs. Loring had taken.

"Now, dear, what has happened!" Mrs. Loring's curiosity had been so long upon the stretch, that she could ill endure delay.

"Will you listen to me patiently, Aunt Phoebe?"

There was a calmness of manner about Jessie that seemed to Mrs. Loring unnatural.

"Speak, dear—you will find me all attention."

"I am in a strait. I must act: but cannot of my own reason, determine what action is right," said Jessie, "you must think for me, and help me to a just decision."

"Go on dear," urged Mrs. Loring.

Then as briefly and as clearly as possible, Jessie related all that had passed in her excited interview with Mr. Dexter. On concluding, she said, with much earnestness of manner,

"And now, Aunt Phoebe, what I wish to know is this—will Mr. Dexter be warranted in regarding either my words or my actions, as an acceptance of his offer?"

"Certainly:" was the unhesitating reply of Mrs. Loring.

"Aunt Phoebe!"

There was a tone of anguish in the voice of Jessie; and her pale lips grew paler.

"Why, what can ail you, child!" said Mrs. Loring.

"I had hoped for a different decision. Mr. Dexter took me at unawares. In a certain sense, I was mesmerised by the stronger action of his mind, quickened by an ardent temperament. Self-consciousness was for a time lost, and I moved and acted by the power of his will. There was no consentation in the right meaning of the word, Aunt Phoebe, and I cannot think I am bound.

"Bound, fully, in word and act, Jessie," was Mrs. Loring's firmly spoken answer. "And so every one will regard you. Mr. Dexter, I am sure, will not admit your interpretation for an instant. He, it is plain, looks upon you as affianced. So do I!"

"Oh, aunt! aunt!" cried Jessie, clasping her hands, "say not so! say not so! Knowing, as you do, all that occurred, even to the utmost particulars of my strange position in the interview, how can you take part against me!"

"Take part against you, child! How strangely you talk! One who did not know Mr. Dexter, might suppose him to be an Ogre, or second Blue Beard. I think the events of this morning the most fortunate of your life."

"While I fear they will prove most disastrous," said Jessie.

"Nonsense, child! you are excited and nervous. There is always something novel and romantic to a young girl in an offer of marriage. It is the great event of her life. I do not wonder that you are disturbed—though I am surprised at the nature of this disturbance. Time will subdue all this. You have a beautiful life before you, darling! The cherished bride of Leon Dexter must tread a path of roses."

A long sigh parted the lips of Miss Loring, and her face, to which not even the faintest tinge of color had yet returned, bent itself downward. She was silent.

"You leaned your face against him?" said Mrs. Loring.

"He drew my head down. I had no power of resistance, aunt. There was a spell upon my senses."

"You did not reject his ardent kisses?"

"No, I could not."

"And when he extended his hand, and asked you to lay your own within it, as a sign and a token of love, you gave him the sign of the token. Your hands clasped in a covenant of the heart! So he regarded the act. So do I: and so will all the world regard it. Jessie, the die is cast. You cannot retreat without dishonor."

"Will you leave me, aunt?" said Jessie, after a long silence. Her tones were sad. "I am very much excited. All this has unnerved me. I would like to be alone again."

"Better come down into the sitting-room," replied Mrs. Loring.

"No, aunt. You must let me have my way."

"Willful, and like your mother," said Mrs. Loring, as she arose.

"Was my mother willful?" inquired Jessie, looking at her aunt.

"Sometimes."

"Was she happy?"

"No. I do not think she ever understood or rightly appreciated your father. But, I should not have said this. She was a beautiful, fascinating young creature, as I remember her, and your father was crazy to get her. But I don't think they were very happy together. Where the blame lay I never knew for certain, and I will make no suggestions now."

"They were uncongenial in their tastes, perhaps," said Jessie.

"Dear knows what the reason was! But she died young, poor thing! and your father was in a sad way about it. I thought, of course, he would marry again. But he did not—living a widower until his death."

"Is my mother's picture very much like her, Aunt Phoebe?"

"Very like her; but not so handsome."

"She was beautiful!"

"Oh, yes; and the reigning belle before her marriage."

Jessie questioned no farther. Her aunt's recollections of her mother were all too external to satisfy the yearnings of her heart towards that mother. Often had she sat gazing upon the picture which represented to her eyes the form and face of a parent she had never seen: and sought to comprehend the meanings in the blue orbs that looked down upon her so calmly. But ever had she turned away with vague, unquiet, restless feelings.

"If my mother had lived:" she would sometimes say to herself "she could comprehend me. Into her ears I could speak words that now sleep on my lips in perpetual silence."

"Oh, if my mother were alive!" sobbed the unhappy girl, as the door closed on the retiring form of worldly-minded Aunt Phoebe. "If my mother were only alive!"

"Affianced!" she said a little while after, as thought went back to the interview between herself and Mrs. Loring which had just closed. "Affianced! Yes, that was the word. 'He regards you as affianced, and so do I!' How completely has this web invested me! Is there no way of escape!" A slight shudder went through her frame. "Ah, well, well!"—low and mournfully—"It may be that my woman's ideal has been too exalted, and above the standard of real men. Mr. Dexter is handsome: kind-hearted enough, no doubt: moderately well cultivated: rich: elegant in manners: [illegible] demonstrative: and, most to be considered, loves me—or, at least, declares himself my lover. That he is sincere I cannot doubt. His was not the role of a skillful actor, but living expression. I ought to be flattered if not won by the homage he pays me."

Then she sat down, and began looking into her heart again, her keen vision penetrating to its farthest recesses. A long, fluttering sigh breathed at length through her lips, and starting up she said,

"I am weak and foolish! Life is a reality; not a cycle of dreamy romance. All poetry lies in the dim distance—a thing of memory or anticipation—the present is invariably prose. How these vague ideals do haunt the mind! Love! Love! I had imagined something deeper, purer, holier than anything stirring in my heart for Leon Dexter! Was I deceived? Is the poet's song but a jingling rhyme?—a play of words in trancing measure? Let me bind back into quietude these wildly leaping impulses, and clip the wings of these girlish fancies. They lead not the soul to happiness in a world like ours."

Again her form drooped, and again she sat for a long period so lost in the mazes of her own thoughts, that time and place receded alike from her consciousness. Not until dinner-time did she join her aunt. Her cousins had returned from school, and she met them as usual at the table. Her exterior was carefully controlled so that the only change visible was a slight pallor and a graver aspect. Mrs. Loring scrutinized her countenance closely. This she bore without a sign of embarrassment. She partook but lightly of food. After the meal closed she retired to her own room once more to torture her brain in a fruitless effort to solve this great problem of her life.

CHAPTER V.

When Paul Hendrickson left the house of Mrs. Loring, his mind was in a state of painful excitement. The inopportune appearance of Dexter so annoyed him, that he had found it impossible to assume the easy, cheerful air of a visitor He was conscious, therefore, of having shown himself in the eyes of Miss Loring to very poor advantage. Her manner at parting had, however, reassured him. As they stood for a moment in the vestibule he saw her in a new light. The aspect of her countenance was changed, the eyes that fell beneath his earnest gaze burned with a softened light, and he read there a volume of tender interest at a single glance.

"I shall be pleased to see you again, Mr. Hendrickson." There was more than a parting compliment in her tones as she said these words. "I have never thought you stupid." What pleasure he derived from repeating these sentences over and over again.

Early in the evening he called upon his friend Mrs. Denison.

"I have come to talk with you again about Miss Loring," he said. "I can't get her out of my thoughts. Her presence haunts me like a destiny."

Mrs. Denison smiled as she answered, a little playfully,

"A genuine case of love: the infection taken at first sight. Isn't it so, Paul?"

"That I love this girl, in spite of myself, is, I fear, a solemn fact," said the young man, with an expression of face that did not indicate a very agreeable self-consciousness.

TOO LATE—TOO LATE!

"Fear? In spite of yourself? A solemn fact? What a contradiction you are, Paul!" said Mrs. Denison.

"A man in love is an enigma, I have often heard it remarked, and I now perceive the saying to be true. I am an enigma. Yes, I love this girl in spite of myself; and the fact is a solemn one. Why? Because I have too good reason for believing that she does not love me in return. And yet, even while I say this, tones and words of hers, heard only to-day, come sighing to my ears, giving to every heart-beat a quicker impulse."

"Ah! Then you have seen Miss Loring to-day?"

"Yes," answered Hendrickson, in a quick, and suddenly excited manner. "I called upon her this morning, and while I sat in the parlor awaiting her appearance, who should intrude [illegible] fellow Dexter, with a design of taking him. The look I gave him I think he will remember."

"That was in very bad taste, Paul," said Mrs. Denison.

"I know it. But his appearance was so untimely; and then, I had not forgotten last evening. The fellow has a world of assurance; and he carries it off with such an air—such self-possession and easy grace! You cannot disturb the dead level of his self-esteem. To have him intruding at such a time, was more than I could bear. It completely unsettled me. Of course, when Miss Loring appeared, I was constrained, cold, embarrassed, distant—every thing that was repulsive; while Dexter was as bland as a June morning—full of graceful compliments—attractive—winning. When I attempted some frozen speech, I could see a change in Miss Loring's manner, as if she had suddenly approached an iceberg; but, as often, Dexter would melt the ice away by one of his sunny smiles, and her face would grow radiant again."

"You exaggerate," said Mrs. Denison.

"The case admits of no exaggeration. I was too keenly alive to my own position; and saw only what was."

"The medium was distorted. Excited feelings are the eyes' magnifying glasses."

"It may be so." There was a modification in Hendrickson's manner. "I was excited. How could I help being so?"

"There existed no real cause for it, Paul. Mr. Dexter had an equal right with yourself to visit Miss Loring."

"True."

"And an equal right to choose his own time."

"I will not deny it."

"Therefore, there was no reason, in the abstract, why his complimentary call upon the lady should create in your mind unpleasant feelings towards the man. You had no more right to complain of his presence there, than he had to complain of yours."

"I confess it."

"There is one thing," pursued Mrs. Denison, "in which you disappoint me, Paul. You seem to lack a manly confidence in yourself. You are as good as Leon Dexter—aye, a better, truer man in every sense of the word—a man to please a woman at all worth pleasing, far better than he. And yet you permit him to elbow you aside, as it were, and to thrust you into a false position, if not into obscurity. If Miss Loring is the woman God has created for you, in the name of all that is holy, do not let another man usurp your rights. Do not let one like Dexter bear her off to gild a heartless home. Remember that Jessie is young, inexperienced, and unskilled in the ways of the world. She is not schooled in the lore of love; cannot understand all its signs; and, above all, can no more look into your heart, than you can look into hers. How is she to know that you love her, if you stand coldly—I might say cynically—observant at a far distance. Paul! Paul! women are not won in this way, as many a man has found to his sorrow, and as you will find in the present case, unless you act with more self-confidence and decision. Go to Miss Loring then, and show her, by signs not to be mistaken, that she has found favor in your eyes. Give her a chance to show you what her real feelings are; and my word for it, you will not find her as indifferent as you fear. If you gain any encouragement, make farther advances; and let her comprehend fully that you are an admirer. She will not play you false. Don't fear for a moment. She is above guile."

Mrs. Denison ceased. Her words had inspired Hendrickson with new feelings.

"As I parted from her to-day," he remarked, "she said, 'I shall be pleased to see you again.' I felt that there was meaning in the words beyond a graceful speech. 'Not if I show myself as stupid as I have been this morning,' was my answer. Very quickly, and with some earnestness, she returned—'I have never thought you stupid, Mr. Hendrickson.'"

"Well? And what then? Did you compliment her in return; or say something to fill [illegible] make her heart tremble? You could have had no better opportunity to give the parting word that lingers longest and is oftenest conned over. What did you say to that, Paul?"

"I blundered out some meaningless things, and left her abruptly," said Hendrickson, with an impatient sweep of his hand. "I felt that her eyes were upon me, but had not the courage to lift my own and read their revelation."

"Too bad! Too bad! The old adage is true always—'Faint heart never won fair lady'—and if you are not a little braver at heart, my young friend, you will lose this fair lady, whose hand may be had for the asking. So, I pray you, be warned in time. Go to her this very evening. You will probably find her alone. Dexter will hardly call twice in the same day, so you will be free from his intrusion. Let her see by tone, look, manner, word, that she has charmed your fancy. Show yourself an admirer. Then act as the signs indicate."

"I will," replied Hendrickson, speaking with enthusiasm.

"Go and heaven speed you! I have no fear for the issue. But, Paul: let me warn you to repress your too sensitive feelings. Your conduct, heretofore, has not been such as to give Miss Loring any opportunity to judge of your real sentiments towards her. Your manner has been distant or constrained. She does not, therefore, understand you; and if her heart is really interested, she will be under constraint when she meets you to-night. Don't mind this. Be open, frank, at ease yourself. Keep your thoughts clear, and let not a pulse beat quicker than now.

"That last injunction goes too far, my good friend; for my heart gives a bound the moment my eyes rest upon her. So you see that mine is a desperate case.

"The more need of skill and coolness. A blunder may prove fatal."

Mr. Hendrickson rose, saying,

"Time passes. A good work were well done quickly. I will not linger when minutes are so precious."

"God speed you!" whispered Mrs. Denison, as they parted, a few minutes later, at the door.

CHAPTER VI.

It was an hour from the time Mr. Hendrickson left the house of Mrs. Denison before he found himself in one of Mrs. Loring's parlors. He had been home, where a caller detained him.

Full ten minutes elapsed after his entrance, ere Jessie's light tread was heard on the stairs. She came down slowly, and as she entered the room Hendrickson was struck with the singular expression of her face. At the first glance, he scarcely recognized her.

"Are you not well, Miss Loring?" he asked, stepping forward to meet her.

His manner was warm, and his tones full of sympathy.

She smiled faintly as she answered—

"Not very well. I have a blinding headache."

Still holding the hand she had extended to him in meeting, Mr. Hendrickson led her to a sofa, and sat down beside her. He would have retained the hand, but she gently withdrew it, though not in a way that involved repulsion.

"I am sorry for your indisposition," he said, in a tone of interest so unusual for him, that Miss Loring lifted her eyes, which had fallen to the carpet, and looked at him half shyly—half interrogatingly.

"If you had sent me word that you were not well, Miss Loring—"

He paused, gazing very earnestly upon her face, into which crimsoning blushes began to come.

"I am pleased to meet you, Mr. Hendrickson. I did not wish to be excused," she answered, and then, as if she had been led to utter more than maidenly modesty approved, averted her face suddenly, and seemed confused. There followed a moment or two of silence, when her visitor said, leaning close to her, and speaking in a low, penetrating, steady voice,

"Your reply, Miss Loring, is an admission of more than I expected—not more than I had hoped."

He saw her start, as if she had touched an electric wire. But her face remained averted.

"Miss Loring—"

Warmer words were on his lips, but he hesitated to give them utterance. There was a pause. Motionless sat the young maiden, her face still partly turned away. Suddenly, and with an almost wild impulse, Hendrickson caught her hand, and raising it to his lips, said—

"I cannot hold back the words a moment longer, dear Miss Loring! From the hour I first looked into your face, I have felt that we were made for each other; and now—"

But ere he could finish the sentence, Jessie had flung his hand from her and started to her feet.

"Miss Loring!"

He was on his feet also. For some moments they stood gazing at each other. The countenance of Miss Loring was of an ashen hue; her lips, almost as pallid as her cheeks, stood arching apart, and her eyes had the stare of one frightened by some fearful apparition.

"Miss Loring! pardon my folly! Your language made me bold to utter what had else slept in my heart eternally silent. Forget this hour!"

"Never! Never!" and she struck her hands together wildly. Her voice had in it a wail of suffering that sent a thrill to the heart of Paul Hendrickson.

[illegible] the mastery over her feelings. He saw the struggle, and awaited the result. A brief interval sufficed to restore a degree of self-possession.

"I have nothing, then, to hope?" said the young man. His tones were evenly balanced.

"Too late! Too late!" she answered, in a hoarse voice. "The cup is dashed to pieces at my feet, and the precious wine spilled!"

"Oh, speak not thus! Recall the words!" exclaimed Hendrickson, reaching out his hands toward her.

But she moved back a pace or two, repeating the sentence—

"Too late! Too late!"

"It is never too late!" urged the now almost desperate lover, advancing toward the maiden.

But retreating from him she answered, in a warning voice—

"Touch me not! I am already pledged to another!"

"Impossible! Oh, light of my life!"

"Sir! tempt me not!" she said, interrupting him, "I have said it was too late! And now leave me. Go seek another to walk beside you in life's pleasant ways. Our paths diverge here."

"I will not believe it, Miss Loring! This is only a terrible dream!" exclaimed Hendrickson.

"A dream?" Jessie seemed clutching at the garments of some departing hope. "A dream:" She glanced around in a bewildered manner. "No—no—no." Almost despairingly the words came from her lips. "It is no dream, Paul Hendrickson! but a stern reality. And now," speaking quickly and with energy, "in Heaven's name leave me!"

"Not yet—not yet," said the young man, reaching forth his hand and trying to take one of hers; but she put both of her hands behind her and stepped back several paces.

"Spare me the pain of a harsh word, Mr. Hendrickson. I have said—leave me!"

Her voice had acquired firmness.

"Oh, no! smite me not with an unkind word," said Hendrickson. "I would not have that added to the heavy burden I seem doomed to bear. But ere I go, I would fain have more light, even if it but make the surrounding darkness black as a pall."

His impassioned manner was gone.

"I am calm," he added, "calm as you are now, Miss Loring. The billows have fallen to the level plain under the pressure of this sudden storm. You have told me it was *too late*. You have said, 'leave me!' I believe you, and I will go. But, may I ask one question?"

"Speak, Mr. Hendrickson, but beware how you speak."

"Had I spoken as now this morning, would you have answered—'Too late!'"

He was looking intently upon her face. She did not reply immediately, but seemed pondering. Hendrickson repeated the question.

"I have said that it was *now* too late." Miss Loring raised her eyes and looked steadily upon him. There was not a sign of weakness or wavering. "Go, sir, and let this hour and this interview pass from your memory. If you are wise, you will forget it. Be just to me, sir. If I have betrayed the existence of any feeling toward you warmer than respect, it has been under sudden and strong temptation. As a man of honor, you must keep the secret inviolate."

There was not a sign of girlish weakness about the calm speaker. Her small head was erect; her slight body drawn to its full height; her measured tones betrayed not a ripple of feeling.

"I am affianced, and know my duty," she added. "Know it, and will perform it to the letter. And now, sir, spare me from this moment. And when we meet again, as meet no doubt we shall, let it be as friends—no more."

The pressure of despair was on the heart of Paul Hendrickson. He was not able to rally himself. He could not retain the calm exterior a little while before assumed.

"We part, then," he said, speaking in a broken voice—"part—and ever after a great gulf must lie between us! I go at your bidding," and he moved toward the door. "Farewell, Miss Loring." He extended his hand; she took it, and they stood looking into each other's eyes.

"God bless you, and keep you spotless as the angels!" he added, suddenly raising her hand to his lips, and kissing it with wild fervor. In the next moment the bewildered girl was alone.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ A corpulent gentleman with a capacious stomach, rose at a public dinner to return thanks, which he did by laying his hands quite attractively upon his stomach, and saying, "We thank Thee for these blessings so bountifully spread, and our capacity to enjoy them."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 9, 1858.

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A FEW FACTS.

When the financial crisis recently raged in this country, the general sentiment attributed its origin to the previous inflation of our currency by paper money issued by the banks, followed as was thought by a contraction of the same, which was esteemed the *immediate* cause of the difficulty.

And yet facts show that the paper currency had not suffered much, if any, diminution—though Bank credits in certain places, (New York, Philadelphia, Boston, &c.,) were greatly and rapidly contracted. These Bank credits however, were not represented by notes, but by credits on the books of the banks, and by checks, &c., which exist entirely independent of a paper currency.

In England, where there were no notes under £24, the general sentiment attributed the crisis to the absence of small notes; and the Chancellor of the Exchequer has since recommended to Parliament the expediency of issuing notes of the denomination of one pound ($4,80), and of making the notes of the Bank a "legal tender." The restrictions on the issue of paper money by the Bank of England, were also generally thought to work unfavorably, and when these restrictions were removed, and more paper money was issued, times grew better.

In Hamburg, where there was no paper money, the crisis [illegible] England or the United States. The rates of interest have been quite as shifting and fluctuating as in England, where they passed from six to ten per cent. The metallic currency of Hamburg has not saved it in *the least*.

In France—whose banking and credit systems, of late years, especially since the founding of the *Credit Mobilier*, have been considered more unreliable and unsubstantial than those of England, to say nothing of Hamburg—the crisis has touched them, so far, comparatively lightly.

In our own country, the banks of this State—where we have no notes under five dollars—seem worse off than the banks of New England and New York which have. Our banks have not three dollars of paper to one of specie, while the New England banks will probably average *ten* of paper to one of specie.

Every one before coming to decided conclusions upon the subject of the currency, should consider all these existing facts. True principles upon the subject should meet and explain the *whole* of them. Any theory that will not, may be set down at once as false.

We are convinced, for ourselves, that entirely too much stress has been laid upon the existence or non-existence of bank notes—large or small; and too little upon that large amount of Bank Credits which are represented by Checks and Entries of Deposit and upon the general looseness of the whole Credit system of the country, represented by the notes of individuals.

In California, some years ago, we saw a whole community under the excitement of sudden wealth, and that wealth too as solid as gold could make it. There was no paper money in existence; and yet prices ran up to a ridiculous height, and the people became lucre-mad. We afterwards saw the result, in a general fall of prices, general bankruptcy and ruin.

Is this that we see around us, *partly* the result of the same gold discovery? Have we, too, having experienced a rapid increase in real, solid wealth, expended even more rapidly than our increasing means warranted, and are now meeting the natural consequences? It is a question worthy the serious consideration of all reflecting men. While we do not pretend to answer it decisively in the affirmative, we have thought it worth while to suggest it.

POTATOES.

A number of the farmers in the neighborhood of Philadelphia, object to the recent municipal law, which not only orders all potatoes to be sold by the bushel and its divisions, but prescribes the *weight* which the bushel shall contain.

An amusing connection with this subject, is the advice to farmers which we quote on our last page this week, from an agricultural journal, suggesting that they should pick out their small potatoes from the pile for home use, as they are absolutely thrown away in selling them, getting as they do into the spaces between the large ones, which would otherwise be empty!

We were just on the point of suggesting that the "weight" portion of our law be repealed, when we saw that advice about sorting out the small potatoes. Now we know not what to say. We believe we shall stand neutral until we have more light. We are somewhat afraid these "cute" men of the country be too much for us dull city folk.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 154—adults 92, and children 92.

A FEW EXTRACTS.

We are tempted to quote a few extracts from recent letters, to show in what estimation THE POST is held by its subscribers:—

Mr. O. J. S., of Terre Haute, Indiana, says:—

I have but one fault to find with your paper, and that is, that upon its weekly reception, parental authority is always called on to interpose to settle the question among the rival claimants, as to "which shall have the POST first." Considering this single and only *fault*, I would urge upon your consideration the propriety of not making it quite so interesting during the coming year. What say you!

Mr. S. H. J., of Phillipsburg, Ohio, says:—

As I can't think of taking your paper for less than two dollars, I will not take the benefit of our club; though I am satisfied it should be mailed as it is. I will not trouble you telling you about hard times. We still have plenty to eat, and every man that is willing to work can make a good living here.

Mr. J. has a proper appreciation of the true value of a paper like THE POST. Anything less than two dollars is in fact less than we ought to take for it. But excessive competition is the bane of the publishing business as well as of most others.

Mr. W. M. J., of Cottonwood, Shaster County, California, says, in laconic Far-West phrase:—

"I think your paper is ahead of the pile."

Mr. E. R., of Williamsport, Penn., gives us one of the greatest compliments we ever received—one which we value much, as showing how highly he estimates the moral influence of THE POST in the family circle. He says:—

I think sometimes if some of the great Christian societies would send a copy of it to every poor man's house in the land, it would be an improved way of spending their money.

Mr. I. F. P., [illegible] says:—

Being so old a patron, I feel privileged to give you some advice, which is—continue to publish just such a paper as you have heretofore done, and just such a one as you please. And as you have quite as good a right to your own opinions as I have to mine, I shall not require you to ascertain my opinions on any subject previous to promulgating your own. I shall not hastily renounce such long tried friendship for some trifling difference of opinion.

Mrs. H. L. R., of Montgomery, Alabama, says:—

I cannot close without, as usual, expressing the pleasure which the perusal of your paper affords me. It is emphatically the best paper of the Union, and throws the much vaunted (we omit the name, not wishing to give offence to a contemporary.—*Ed. Post.*) completely in the shade. May those by whom it is so ably conducted, long live to continue their profitable and instructive work; and may their subscription list for 1858, be increased threefold, is the wish of their old subscriber.

Mrs. M. H., of Winslow, Ill., says:—

I have called on several of my lady friends and got up a club for your valuable family paper. The Post is the best paper we know of.

Mr. H. N. S., of Rose Hill, Miss., says:—

I have taken several family papers, but consider the Post the best family paper I ever saw. I send you two dollars; you will please send me [illegible] more names than my own.

Mr. L. T. B., of Indianola, Iowa, says:—

I hope ere this you are in receipt of my letter, enclosing twenty dollars, ($20,) dated 7th December, 1857, for twenty-one copies of your much esteemed and invaluable "Post"—a Post that we lean to as a drunken man would to a lamp post. And, notwithstanding the "hard times," I have raised the "*Jeems*" for twenty-one copies more, which you will please find inclosed.

But enough for the day are the compliments thereof. We think it well to quote a few of such notices occasionally, in order to show our readers what is the general sentiment among them relative to the value of THE POST. Made up as THE POST is, of the contributions, original and selected, of so many gifted minds, we need not say that its publishers do not take its praises all to themselves, but get to looking upon the excellence of the paper as something in a great degree apart and distinct from the merits of its conductors.

POSTAL MONEY ORDERS.

We have repeatedly urged upon the General Government the establishment of a system of Postal Money Orders, for small amounts, similar to that which has been found to work so well in Great Britain. The General Government has arrogated to itself a monopoly of letter carrying, and yet will not hold itself responsible, like other "common carriers," for losses resulting from the carelessness or dishonesty of its agents. Hundreds of thousands of dollars are lost or stolen yearly in the transmission through the mails—and yet the Government seems to care nothing, taking refuge in its exemption from liability as the "sovereign" power. In other words, it having the appointment of the Judges, and the making of the laws, takes care to screen itself from deserved punishment for its short comings. If the Government chooses to *monopolize* the business of letter carrying, why should it not be forced to bear the responsibility that its own laws enforce upon other carriers? There is no reason, save the old tyrannical one, "Might makes Right."

Last year the Government spent $65,000 to ferret out mail depredators. This sum probably would more than pay the annual cost of a system of Postal Orders. In fact, the charging of a small commission would probably reimburse the Department for all the extra trouble. But our rulers—and we make no particular application to our present ones, it is true of the whole raft of them, whatever party name they may go by—seem to think it wiser to spend their thousands to look after the thief, than to prevent the money being taken.

We do not mean to imply in these remarks that the Post Office officials are more dishonest than other people. But in the fifty thousand men concerned in the transmission of the mails—we judge there must be fully that number, as there are some 27,000 postmasters alone—it would be wonderful if there were not a greater or less proportion of rascals. And in the name of the great majority of honest men among this number, we ask for a system of money orders. Every theft throws doubt for a time—perhaps forever—upon numbers of honest men. A proper system of money orders would almost entirely check the commission of fraud. The present "Registry" system is, as every one knows, a humbug. Almost all of the losses of the "Lady's Book," last year, were among Mr. Godey's "registered" letters. Our own experience is not exactly the same—but we never experienced any special benefit from having the letters registered. No doubt, in many cases where money is said to have been mailed, it has not been—but these losses too would be prevented by Postal Orders. Honor therefore to the Post Master General who shall institute the much desired system—the Press generally will give him "three cheers and a tiger!"

THE BANKS OF THIS STATE.—The city banks are said to be ready for resumption, except so far as burdened by the late "Relief" Law. That law was understood at the time of its passage to contain the following clause:—

"But any bank or banks which shall, before the period hereinbefore limited, resume and continue the payment of specie on all their liabilities, shall not, after such resumption, and during such continuance, be subject to any of the provisions of this section."

The "section" referred to was that commanding the Banks to take each other's paper in payment of all debts due to them. Of course it was only fair that if any bank resumed specie payment, it should not be forced to take the notes of its non-specie paying brethren. But it is now discovered, *by a certified copy of the Act*, that the relied upon exemption is not in it. It appears that it was regularly stricken out, by the astonishing vote of 82 to 6.

At a recent meeting in this city of the representatives of fourteen of the country banks of the eastern portion of Pennsylvania, the following resolutions were adopted:—

Resolved, That further legislation on the subject of resumption of specie payments by the banks of this State is inexpedient.

Resolved, That it is expedient that the banks of this State resume specie payments at the earliest practicable period; and should the city banks resolve to resume prior to the first of March next, the country banks here represented will cheerfully co-operate, and resume at the same time.

The first of these resolutions was adopted by nearly, or quite, a unanimous vote. The second was adopted by a vote of 8 to 6. Those voting in the affirmative were, the Easton, Farmers' and Mechanics' of Easton, Allentown, Wyoming, Montgomery, Chester County, Chester Valley, and Pottstown Banks. Those voting in the negative were, the Farmers' Bank of Reading, Farmers' Bank of Schuylkill, Harrisburg, Middletown, Chambersburg, and Farmers' and Drovers' Bank of Waynesburg.

On motion to publish the proceedings, modified by a motion to communicate them to the city banks, considerable discussion arose; and some of the representatives of the banks voting in the negative alleging that they were taken by surprise, inasmuch as they had not contemplated the introduction of such resolutions, the second resolution was reconsidered, the motions to publish and to communicate were disagreed to, and a committee of three was appointed to confer with the city banks on the subject of resumption of specie payments.

MORE HONORS.—The Corresponding Secretary of the "Utilior Literary Society of Illinois University," informs us that we have been unanimously elected to Honorary Membership in said Society—and "solicits our friendly cooperation by such means as our judgment may best approve in promoting the welfare, and elevating the literary, intellectual and moral character of the Association."

Of course we [illegible] honors—it being fully understood that there is nothing to pay, in cash or paper, for them. We have not even time to give "advice" in return—not even "advice," which is generally considered the least valuable of all things; except that stereotyped advice which we give freely to all men, even paying large sums to circulate it, Subscribe to the Post, and thus elevate your "literary, intellectual and moral character." Do our fellow-members of the "Utilior" "take?"

LECTURES ON THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE BIBLE.—The Rev. Dr. Jacobs, Rabbi of a Hebrew Synagogue in this city, is announced to deliver, at Sansom Street Hall, on the 5th, 9th, 12th, 16th, 19th and 23rd inst., a series of six lectures devoted to the development of a system of philosophy which appears to Hebrew eyes beneath the text of the Old Testament. Dr. Jacobs is reported to be a man of ability and learning, and will probably treat his interesting subject in a manner which will command the respect and attention of his auditory.

THE KANSAS AND OTHER NEWS.—It is our object, in making up the Kansas and other news of a semi-political character, to do it with the utmost impartiality and fairness. The difficulty of always getting the truth precisely as it is, and uncolored by the partisan sympathies of those through whom it generally comes will be evident to every sensible reader. We shall do our best however, and for any short-comings trust to the charity and good-sense of our subscribers.

Here lies
1857—
For whom no solitary creature cries,
Confound his eyes!
He's gone at last, thank Heaven!
And though the fact may not create surprise,
Among the wise,
He's not the leaven
With him necessary to make him rise
The chances, then, are even,
That he's gone downward, where we hope he's got
Some one to pay, and pitch all ready hot.

☞ The editor of the Oswego Palladium says: We once remember in our experience seeing a small boy making sport of the pitiful appearance of a poor, half starved wretch, whose tattered garments were fluttering wildly in the unsympathizing breeze. "Young man," said a philanthropic observer of the incident, "beware how you jibe the sorrows of the unfortunate—the Lord only knows what you may yet come to." We marked the words. That young man grew up—he fell from the rank of wealth—his haughty spirit was gradually crushed, and he is now the editor of a newspaper!

☞ The chief secret of comfort lies in not suffering trifles to vex one, and in prudently cultivating an undergrowth of small pleasures, since very few great ones are let on long leases.

☞ Teacher—"William, can you tell me why the sun rises in the East?" Pupil looking demure—"Don't know, sir, 'cept it be that 'coast makes everything rise." Teacher fainted.

"Hail, wedded love, mysterious law, * * * * * * * * * * * by thee
Founded in reason, loyal, just, and pure;
Relations dear, and all the charities
Of father, son, and brother, first were known.
Far be't from me to write thee sin or blame,
Or think thee unbefitting holiest place,
Perpetual fountain of domestic sweets." —*Milton.*

☞ "Show me," says a skeptic, "all the toilettes a woman has worn during her life, and I will write you her history."

New Publications.

SKETCHES OF ART, LITERATURE, AND CHARACTER, by MRS. JAMESON, (Ticknor & Fields, Boston: T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia,) is a little blue and gold volume, the result of old wanderings in Dresden, Munich, Nuremburg, and other German cities, hallowed with the associations of art and literature. It paints in words lighted and tinted with the author's well-known enthusiasm and loving interest, the celebrated works of art, the famous persons and places she passed on her tour. Among the rest, is a finely graphic account of a visit to Retsch, the great German artist, and some descriptions of his pictures, which make the latter vividly visible to the mind's eye. The volume also includes the tributes to the genius and character of Mrs. Siddons and Fanny Kemble, which the public read with pleasure years ago.

HELME LODGE; GRANDFATHER MERRIE; SUNDAY SCHOOL DIALOGUES; THE PICTORIAL LETTER BOOK; THE BEAUTY OF THE HEART; THE LITTLE PHILOSOPHER; LITTLE JESSIE'S WORK; VISIT TO DERBY; MATTY GREGG; POND LILY STORIES are the titles of children's books printed by the American Sunday School Union, Philadelphia.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for December (Phillips, Sampson & Co., Boston,) has, among several fine articles of varied character, a paper on "Books" by Emerson, with the results of a lifetime of judgment and study packed into its gem-like aphorisms and solid summaries of contents. Holmes also continues his bright and droll "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table;" Longfellow sings a careless Bacchanalian stave of doubtful accuracy in praise of Catawba wine; and a group of other authors appear in contributions of all varieties.

STORIES AND LEGENDS OF TRAVEL AND HISTORY, FOR CHILDREN, by GRACE GREENWOOD, (Ticknor & Fields, Boston; T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia,) will do for "the gray-haired boys" that Holmes mentions, and for the gray-haired girls too, as well as for the girls and boys who are scores of years distant from gray hairs. It is a Christmas and New Year's pie from which all our little Jack Hornors (and little Gill Hornors) can pick out good plums for the mind. English and Welsh and Irish stories, dewy with pathos or dashing with fun, together with a few spirited and picturesque twice-told tales from history, connected with a slight chain of scenic description, incident and anecdote, make up the book.

A HISTORICAL AND LEGAL EXAMINATION OF THE DRED SCOTT CASE, (D. Appleton & Co., New York; T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia,) is from the pen of the Hon. Thomas H. Benton.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PAY AS YOU GO.

A MAXIM FOR THE TIMES.

BY UNCLE SAMUEL.

[To be sung by all classes, to the tune of "Villikins and his Dinah."]

I.

There's a world of old maxims in use by mankind,
But few of the whole, sir, are made to my mind;
The best of them all, sir, I'd have you to know,
Is the old fogy maxim—*Pay as you go.*

II.

This maxim is short, but 'twill ever be sweet,
'Tis easy to learn, and 'tis quick to repeat;
'Tis suited to all, be they high, be they low—
The true-progress maxim—*Pay as you go.*

III.

With this honest test, sir, laid bare in my hand,
I went East and West, sir, all over my land;
Each man that I met with 'twas all the same so—
All preached, but few practiced—*Pay as you go.*

IV.

I called at the WHITE HOUSE, through thick and through thin;
With a cock of his eye, BUCK invites me in;
"Dear NEPHEW!" said I, "'Specie Basis"—please, too!"
"Dear UNCLE!" said he, "please—*Pay as you go.*"

V.

In an omnibus crowd, Mr. COLLINS I met;
He was red as a beet, and all of a sweat;
"The *Adriatic*," quoth he, "makes a very fine show!"
Quoth I—"Here's a flag for her—*Pay as you go!*"

VI.

I pressed through the brokers, all over the banks,
Heard awful hard swearing, saw very shy pranks,
Said a BEAR—"UNCLE SAM! shall we weather the blow?"
Said I—"Take in sail, sir!—and—*Pay as you go!*"

VII.

I met a drab baker, his arm full of scores,
His fingers all chalked, from the backs of old doors;
"Why is it," I asked, "that your cake is all dough?"
"'Tis the *kassod*, sir," he answered, "*of*—*Pay as you go!*"

VIII.

A butcher and drover together passed by,
Their scales, like old Haman's, were posted up high;
In sorrow I asked: "Will it always be so?"
Their only reply was—"*Pay as you go!*"

IX.

I went in great haste to my Counsellor BRIEF:—
"Hard up, my dear LUKE!—can you give me relief?"
Quoth he—"My fat CLIENT! your *con* and your *pro*
Is *error de jure*:—*Pay as you go!*"

X.

I fled to my church, I knelt down in my pew,
And cried, with a groan, "Oh! what shall I do?"
A sweet voice replied to me—gentle and low—
"To God and to man, my friend—*Pay as you go!*"

XI.

Let me pass through all nations of every name,
This test in my hand, sir, 'tis ever the same;
So the best for my land, sir, I'd have you to know,
Is the common sense maxim—*Pay as you go!*

☞ De Lolme, says, liberty consists in this, "That every man while he respects the persons of others, and allows them quietly to enjoy the produce of their industry, be certain himself likewise to enjoy the produce of his own industry, and that his person be also secure."

☞ AMUSING OCCURRENCE.—Dr. Mackay, editor of the Illustrated London News, recently purchased a copy of Harper's Weekly, under the impression that it was his own paper.—*New York Picayune.*

☞ The grave buries every error—covers every defect—extinguishes every resentment. From its peaceful bosom spring none but fond regrets and tender recollections. Who can look down upon the grave of an enemy, and not feel a compunctious throb, that he should have warred with the poor handful of earth that lies mouldering before him!

TRANSPLANTING LARGE TREES.

Mr. Editor of the Post:—In your issue of December 19th, an extract from the Ledger, with some remarks of your own on this subject, induces me to give your readers the benefit of my experience. They will recollect the winter of Kossuth's visit to our shores; it was well suited to the "frozen ball" system of transplanting, and the interval has afforded sufficient time for a test.

I had completed my new house—a suburban residence—situated in a bare five-acre field, and of course needing a speedy covering for its nakedness. I had happened to see the frozen ball system explained and recommended in some horticultural publication—it appeared just the thing. Young hemlocks (the most beautiful of evergreens, in my opinion,) could be had within half a mile—growing in exposed situations—thrifty, and of all sizes, and easy of access. I put the frozen ball system in operation, according to the most approved plans—sparing neither labor nor pains. The selections were trees from fifteen to thirty-five feet in height—ball eight to ten feet diameter. Carefully removed by force of men and horses and a huge sled, without jar or breakage—set forthwith in a previously well prepared bed—and afterwards well protected.

Result:—The job finished, I had thirty trees forming a belt or back ground to my building, as pleasing to the eye as could be desired. The next summer, one, the largest, died; two or three of the others showed signs of weakness by a sparseness of foliage at the top; but all, with one exception, put out young foliage, and made an inch or two of growth on the points of the twigs. The experiment was apparently a triumph, and I was never better pleased with an expenditure of time and money. I was sure when they had got through the first summer, all danger was over. And I pitied the ignorance and fogyism of an old gentleman in the neighborhood, who had spent his lifetime in rearing trees, but knew, as I supposed, so little of their nature as to have remarked, when I and some others of his new neighbors were engaged at our frozen balls, "that it was a pity to see so much labor wasted."

The second summer, however, seven of my largest trees died outright—six others became nude of foliage about half way down, and all appeared pretty well exhausted. They had been carried over the first summer by their previous stock of provisions, but now had to depend on fresh supplies.

The third summer—the six that had given out at the top expired also. Thus fourteen were entirely gone, and the sickly hue of those remaining took away their original beauty. Of the sixteen remaining all have since dwindled away but nine, and these nine—the smallest of the thirty originally transplanted, are beginning to do pretty well, and have nearly become reconciled to their new homes. These nine were, at the time of removal, perhaps rather under fifteen feet, and not thicker than my leg. The experiment was a fair one. The ground was suitable—carefully mulched every summer, and in the one or two dry seasons the trees were watered. Without these precautions not one would have survived, as is shown by the result [illegible] the trees of 1850 of my [illegible] the same time transplanted each more than I did and of a similar size, and now have not one left to remind them of their folly.

Fortunately, however, for me, whilst removing these large trees I was so attracted by the beauty of some very small specimens of two and three feet in height, that I had some dozen or so of them taken up carelessly, and stuck in about the odd corners of my little grove, not caring much whether they died or lived. These, without exception, have lived and thrived—most of them now nine to ten feet in height, and in every respect that gratifies a tree fancier, far superior to any remaining specimen of the original thirty transplanted with so much care and cost.

Bad as is the frozen ball system, however, it is better than that suggested by your agricultural acquaintance—"Ye old digger!" Imagine a laborer with his spade *loosening* and *removing* the earth from the roots of a tree over an area of twenty to thirty feet diameter. How many of the small (almost invisible) fibers or feeders would at the end of such a process remain attached to these roots. And it is on this small network of fibers that the life of the tree depends. There are, it is true, some species of trees with which this plan would succeed—the Lombardy and balsam poplars, and the willows. But even with these it would be labor lost. It would be superfluous. You may cut off a tree of the willow species a foot in diameter—*trim* it clear of branches, and stick it without roots in a hole as you would a liberty pole two or three feet deep, and in three or four years you will have a flourishing tree.

This species of tree, however, is very limited, and with the exception of the Lombardy poplar and weeping willow, not very desirable. To attempt the removal of any of the pine family of a large size, by first baring the roots of earth, would be absurd. The fibrous net-work of their roots is exceedingly fine and delicate.

I have also had some experience in fruit trees of various ages and sizes. In order to procure (as I hoped) speedier bearing, I was tempted to transplant some fifty apple trees of five and six years' standing, and eight to ten feet height, and although vigorous and thrifty before removal, they have since been outstripped by others of two and three years, and three and four feet height, transplanted at the same time.

Few are aware or can comprehend the great extent to which a tree in a few years sends out its roots, and, to use a mathematical phrase for illustration, the force of the shock or back-set given to the tree by its removal, seems to be in geometrical proportion to its age. I am of opinion—and my opinion is founded on a good deal of observation, as well as my own experience—that either as regards fruit or ornamental trees, the man who plants trees from two to four years of age, will, at the end of seven years, have larger and better specimens than he who, at the same time, selects the same species of trees of the age of seven or any greater age.

If again situated with bare premises, and as much in need of an immediate shading to the picture—a new house in an open field looks very awkward—I might still be tempted to try the frozen ball system with trees not exceeding ten or twelve feet in height; provided such trees could be obtained conveniently, and had stood in an open space; trees from a thicket or shady location need never be attempted. The frozen ball system is the only one from which any success may be predicated. I have used it in great success in small specimens of all kinds ornamental trees of difficult removal. By small specimens, I mean those from four to seven feet in height. The suggestion that in the frozen ball system the roots may be injured by frost is a mistake. I grant the exposed ends of the roots when cut off may be, but these are much injured by being cut off as they can and will lose an inch or so any how. That portion remaining in the compact earth is never injured. The tenderest bulb would not be injured in such circumstances.

As your paper circulates more than any other in suburban districts, where such information likely to be useful, I place it at your disposal.

Your obedient servant, T. M.
Pittsburg, Pa.

STORY OF A PARTRIDGE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

About the conclusion of the harvest season in the last year of the eighteenth century, a young partridge, apparently a month or six weeks old and which by some means had lost its mother strayed from its native covey, took to following one of my father's hens with a brood of chickens just out of the shell. The stranger, when first observed, was nearly of the same size as the young chicks, and in appearance very similar to them. It was seen that the hen was frequently engaged in attacking in an angry manner what seemed to be one of her own offspring. Upon a close examination the true character of the forlorn little adventurer was ascertained. It of course created a warm interest, and attracted close observation.

The enmity of the hen continued for several days; but the lost bird continued to follow her with a pertinacity equal to her irascibility, and by means of its great agility it succeeded both in avoiding her blows and securing a place with the young brood under the wings of its adopted parent. On the approach of night, when she settled herself to cover her charge from the cold air and dew, it always had address enough, notwithstanding her vigilant opposition, to obtain a good place with the rest of her family. At length its constancy met the reward it deserved. The enmity of the old hen subsided, and she permitted the friendless waif to enjoy all the privileges of her own brood.

At first the unfortunate bird seemed shy of the human family; but in a fortnight or less much of its timidity wore off, and it would allow any member of the family to approach quite near, though it seemed always desirous to avoid actual handling in day-time. It soon learned the signal by which the poultry were called to their food, and was uniformly the first to arrive at the feeding place.

When the brood with which it had associated itself was abandoned by the mother, it took up its roosting place quite near that of the other fowls. They occupied at the time a sort of log cabin which had once been a corn crib, with a thatched roof projecting some feet beyond the place of entrance, the partridge perching in a small cavity in the top of a stake under the projecting thatch. When settled for the night, and darkness had closed in, it would suffer the hand of a person to be passed gently and carefully [illegible] its back without manifesting symptoms of alarm.

This bird had an extreme fear of hawks. No sooner would one be descried sailing through the air, than it would fly to the house, seeming conscious of safety when near to human beings. If no one was out of the house, it would crouch in the doorway. But if any person were at the barn when the alarm took place, that would be its place of refuge. It frequently flew in at the door, at times that threshing was in operation. It would dive into the straw, and narrowly escaped being crushed to death by the flail on several occasions.

As it was certainly older than the members of the brood with which it had affiliated itself, it attained its full growth long before them, but it perseveringly stuck by them, and comported itself in a manner becoming a young chicken till the hen thought them all capable of taking care of themselves.

This bird, so early separated from the companionship of its fellows, and forced to seek its fortune among a species, not of absolutely dissimilar habits, continued with its adopted companions in a state of almost perfect domestication during the remaining portion of 1799, and till the autumn of the next year. This fact is the more worthy of notice as the bird was a male, and constantly within hearing of the "Bob White" and other notes or calls of its species, which in those days were numerous in the neighborhood. This being the case, I think it probable the bird had resolved to spend its days with its adopted friends of the barnyard, if it had been allowed to pursue the even tenor of its way. This was prevented as follows.

In an evil hour I took a boy some years older and stronger than myself to see the bird. This was done in compliance with his earnest request, and after a promise that he would not try to hurt or frighten it. The miscreant had no sooner set his eyes on the family favorite, than his destructive propensities became so strong, and the mark so tempting, that it seemed as if he could not refrain from throwing stones at it. Of course I besought him even with tears to desist, but in vain. I tried to scare it away, but it would take only a short flight and quickly return. It had ceased to regard a human being as an enemy. When I strove to hold his arm he would hurl me from him, with as much ease as I could have cast off a child of three years old. It was expert at dodging, and escaped often, but after he had thrown some score of times, a stone struck it on the left wing, which immediately drooped and trailed on the ground.

I watched the poor maimed little creature during the remainder of the day with the utmost anxiety. Sometimes I had hopes that it would recover. But on looking for it among the poultry near sunset, it was nowhere visible. The following night its perch was empty. The next day, though diligently sought for, the search alas! was bootless. We never saw it more.

At the time the partridge, or quail as it is called in some localities, domesticated itself with us, the writer of this article was nine years old, but the whole matter is as fresh in his memory as if it had been an occurrence of yesterday. You may rely implicitly on the truth of the narrative. Some old inhabitants of the vicinity may still remember the occurrence, as it excited great interest at the time; though most of them now repose with their fathers, or have removed to distant places. My abode at the time the affair took place, was Tredyffrin, Chester County, near Valley Forge. WM. T. WOODMAN
Norristown, Pa.,

LETTER FROM PARIS.

FRATERNITY A LA FRANCAISE—A NEW GARDEN—EAST AND WEST—A LADY-ORCHESTRA—A WEALTHY JOURNALIST—AN EMBARRAS DE RICHESSES—THE LOGIC OF DUELLING.

Paris, December 10, 1857.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

The French journals most eager in their hostility to Great Britain, having been compelled to withdraw their denials of the taking of Delhi, are now filling their columns with astounding assertions of the cruelties of the British troops against "women and children and peaceful peasantry." They declare that the cavalry, on entering Delhi, "waded through blood up to the knees of their horses;" and abound in "cock-and-bull" stories of the ravages exercised by the Highlanders, who have hitherto been popular in this country, but who are now declared to have surpassed the Sepoys in cruelty. As these papers actually published accounts of the unparalleled horrors of the massacre at Cawnpore, in which the foul deeds of Nana Sahib were attributed to General Wilson, the slaughtered victims being said to be the Hindoos, the measure of the intelligence and good faith of these prints is evident. When they find themselves compelled to give up the charge of "cruelty" on which they are ringing a variety of changes to suit their own market, we shall no doubt find them declaring that the insurrection was a mere undecided movement of a handful of troops, that the affair has been grossly exaggerated by the fears and the vanity of "Perfidious Albion," and that the British have performed no great feat, after all, in putting down an *émeute* of so little importance. Alas for the blindness of party feelings, and the bitterness of national animosity so much too general in this little planet of ours, and too often manifested on all possible subjects: but which certainly does exist in France, and towards her "ancient rival" across the channel, with a virulence hardly to be paralleled elsewhere.

While so large a portion of the French people are thus disappointed in their hopes of seeing England overthrown, and consoling themselves with novels which have been hastily written to prove that the Nana is an angel of nobleness and patriotism, and the English so many devils incarnate, and "panoramas" giving the various incidents of the struggle as imagined by the active fancies of Parisian scene-painters, the Emperor goes steadily on with his projects of embellishing the capital, thus finding employment for an army of dangerous laborers, and gratifying the vanity of the good people of Paris. Among the most noteworthy of the changes going on at this present time is the conversion into a fine public garden, of the character so much in vogue here, of the great irregular, three-cornered piece of ground lying between the Palace of Industry and the river. The trees of this portion of the once-famous Groves of the Champs Elysées having been much cut into at the time of the building of this vast palace of stone, glass and iron, and their numbers having been still farther diminished by the scraping process described in a former letter, and which has been the death of thousands of them, the beauty of the piece of ground in question was very seriously impaired. The creation of this garden will therefore be an *improvement* to the region, and will serve as an additional place of resort to *bonnes*, babies, embonnepoint mammas, and newspaper-reading gentlemen.

It is a pretty sight to watch the laying out of such a garden. First came the chopping down of dead trees, and of those that did not enter into the plan of the new garden. Then came the levellers digging down all the risings, and filling up the hollows, until the desired platitude of surface was attained. Then the paths and beds were carefully marked out with rows of little posts: rough stones were disseminated over the lengths of the former; mould was shovelled wholesale into the hollows prepared for the latter. Pavements are laid down in asphalte; carriage-roads in macadam; and rows of lamps have lifted their heads in various directions. The making of the beds has been a work of much patience and labor, as each bed must rise a little in the centre so as to allow of the water rolling off. Great spaces are being prepared for turf; and hundreds of young trees are planted in groups and in alleys. The frosts which, despite the singular mildness of the weather, will probably overtake us before long, will put a stop to these preparations; but, with the first return of fine weather, grass will be laid down, seeds planted, seats placed in every corner under the trees; and by the month of May, or even of April, if the skies prove propitious, this garden now ringing with the tools of the workmen and the barkings of their dogs, will be filled with the gay mobile crowd that forms so marked a feature in the physiognomy of Paris.

Séchan, the renowned upholsterer, is getting up a mass of splendid furniture for the Sultan's new palace of Dolma-Batchké, on the banks of the Bosphorus. Three grand suites of rooms, a theatre, music-room, and treasury, are to be furnished by him. Nothing can surpass the taste and splendor of the things he is superintending. There are *sofas* and divans of most luxurious softness, wide enough to serve as beds, and covered with the richest products of the French looms. There are chairs also, just such as are used in Europe, the frames richly gilded, the seats in gorgeous silk and satin, and proving that the East is beginning to sit upright, and leaving the cross-legged attitude to the tailors. Four enormous porcelain vases support great gilded girandoles, holding an infinity of tapers, destined to stand in the corners of a grand saloon. These vases are the largest objects in porcelain extant, being seven feet high. Magnificent bronze lamps are prepared for the halls and passages. The ceiling of the theatre represents a drapery, with the Sultan's name in the centre, in gilt letters, forming one of those mysterious Eastern inscriptions that look to Western eyes like a talisman.

The ladies of the Sultan's family are excessively capricious and extravagant, and seem, in many things, to have pretty much their own way. The Sultana Fatma, a favorite daughter, married to a son of Reschid Pacha, has determined to have a band of musicians, as she is very fond of Western music. All these musicians are necessarily ladies; and fifty-six instruments are being prepared at a well-known instrument-maker's, of London, and are about to be sent out to Constantinople. The wind instruments consist of flutes, flageolets, cornets-à-piston, ophicleides, trumpets, and trombones, the latter provided with an ingenious mechanism destined to supersede the ungraceful movement necessary to drawing out the tones of that instrument as usually made. There are violins, violoncellos, and double basses, and one harp. Cymbals, drums, and gongs complete the collection, the drums being particularly handsome, and shining with gold and silver, green, scarlet, and yellow.

M. de Rothschild is repairing his chateau of Giory, to the tune of eighteen millions of francs! M. Emile de Girardin, the renowned ex-editor of *La Presse*, (which, by the way, has just been "suspended" for two months, for declaring that France was on the point of rising and making another revolution, a statement manifestly untrue,) has written a play called "The Millionaire's Daughter," intended to show how much good a large fortune may do in good hands, and the absolute necessity of large fortunes to the cause of progress, &c., &c. As the author has contrived to possess himself of about fifteen millions, partly by his editorial pen, but still more by his speculations at the *Bourse*, and in land, this defence of riches by him has made the Parisians rather merry. It is not yet certain whether the play will be brought out; a large concourse of his friends was convoked some time ago, to hear it read, and decide on its fitness for the stage, but the vote was not unanimous. The author has therefore convened a still larger gathering of his "dear five hundred," the work will be once more read in his beautiful saloons, and the final decision arrived at in regard to the grand question of "to appear or not to appear" on the boards of Paris. If it be brought out, all Paris will go to see it, if only for the curiosity of the thing. But certainly no one has hitherto suspected M. de Girardin of possessing a hidden mine of talent in the dramatic line.

Fruit seems to be slow in ripening in Switzerland; but "better late than never," says the proverb. And it would seem that though slow to ripen, the harvest is none the less sure in that country. But it is possible to have "too much of a good thing," says another proverb. Listen to the melancholy strains in which a correspondent of the "*Chroniqueur de Fribourg*," bewails the distressed condition of his native Lucerne, stifling beneath an avalanche of *fruits à pépins*. One shudders as he reads.

"From one end of the canton to the other is heard a voice of lamentation. Its tones differ, but the burden of the chorus is the same. 'We have too much fruit.' Apples and pears are dropping from the boughs incessantly, by day and by night. Every basket, and tin, and basin is full of fruit, every shelf covered with apples and pears. Every barrel, every tub, every cauldron in the canton is filled with apples and pears in a state of fermentation, being converted into brandy. Barns, garrets, cellars, bed-rooms, sitting-rooms, kitchens, and stables are filled to overflowing with the piled-up fruit. On the dressers, window-seats, and mantel-shelves, under tables and chairs, in cupboards and closets, and ovens, heaps of apples and pears are standing. We look at them in despair, not knowing how long it will be before we are driven out of doors to make room for our constantly-increasing treasures that are becoming our invaders, and that threaten to overwhelm us in a general deluge. In the morning we eat apple-sauce with our coffee, instead of bread: at nine o'clock we eat apple-sauce with cider; at noon we have roasted apples with our mid-day potatoes; at four o'clock we have apple-fritters with cider; and for supper we have apples stewed in pear-juice, and washed down with cider. During the day, every girl is expected to eat three apples, every boy five, every maid-servant seven, and every man-servant ten: at night a certain number of apples is given to all the children to take to bed with them. Our patriotism is manifested by the quantity of cider we manage to drink in a day; and as our love for our native land is as ardent as ever, every man is changed into a hogshead, every woman into a cask, and we can neither sit, lie, walk, or stand for our resulting rotundity. You can't stir out of doors without being pounced upon by your neighbors, and invited to 'come in and take a cup of cider;' and if you decline the invitation, you run the risk of being looked upon as an enemy, and threatened to a broadside of *facticuffs*."

A tragic occurrence of deeper dye has been lately recounted *apropos* of the stupid or murderous custom of duelling: an occurrence which I cite for the benefit of all whom it may concern.

Under Louis XV. the duellists determined that their favorite form of combat should terminate with the first effusion of blood. The new code was accepted with acclamations, and duels were multiplied to a degree unknown before. But, despite the provisions of the new code, deaths were still so frequent that the King and the magistrates were alarmed at the gap thus occasioned in the ranks of the nobility; the King swore his favorite oath that he would put down duelling: ministers and magistrates imagined all manner of means whereby to put a stop to the practice, but duels still increased in number, despite all the efforts of the government. At length a nobleman, M. de Beaufeu, who had acquired a high reputation both for personal bravery and military courage, vowed to destroy the taste for duelling among the officers of the Regiment of Royal Infantry, to whose command he had just been appointed.

No sooner had he reached the city in which this regiment was garrisoned than he invited all the officers to dinner. During the dessert, the subject of duelling was discussed by the guests, who openly professed their admiration of the custom.

"Gentlemen," said the commandant, "you are welcome to fight as many duels as you please, but on one condition. Before fighting, you will ask my permission. It shall be at once and most freely granted; but I like duels to be managed in a regular manner, and it is on that account that I insist on being informed of these affairs before the encounter takes place."

The officers were delighted to find their commander in so complaisant a frame of mind; but they little suspected what he meant by a "regular duel."

In the course of the evening, when all had left the table, two young officers, MM. de Beuron and De Sargy, walked up to M. de Beaufeu, and requested permission to fight.

"But are you not intimate friends?" demanded M. de Beaufeu.

"Certainly, colonel!" they replied.

"Why then should you fight?"

"For this reason, colonel," replied De Beuron; "we were speaking just now of Versailles, and I was saying that I wished I could find myself, to-morrow, in the King's Coppice, that I might take a walk there, wrapped in my cloak. Sargy insists that, for an afternoon walk, one cannot wear a cloak; that a cloak is only worn in the morning, and that a surtout is worn in the afternoon. This is the ground of our quarrel."

"The subject is indeed a very serious one," responded the colonel, "gentlemen, you have permission to fight."

Next morning, on parade, the colonel perceived M. de Beuron with a scarf round his neck, the young nobleman's left arm being supported in this scarf.

"What's the matter?" demanded the colonel.

"Sargy has given me a cut with his sword.

"But it is a mere scratch!" cried the colonel: "it is not even a respectable wound! I have already told you that I like a duel to be managed in a regular way. I do not like shams. You will fight again, gentlemen."

Next morning, the two intimate friends began their duel over again, this time, however, sadly against their will. The fates were again unfavorable to M. de Beuron, who received a severe sword thrust in his chest.

He was taken up insensible by his friend and adversary: and carried with the utmost care to his quarters: where De Sargy devoted himself, night and day, to the work of curing the mischief caused by the thrust of his own sword.

Two months after, M. de Beuron was able to appear again on parade, supported by his friend's arm.

"Ah! is that you, my dear viscount?" cried M. de Beaufeu, on catching sight of him. "Your duel with Sargy is not yet over?"

"Yes, colonel: quite over," replied the convalescent.

"Not at all, sir," returned the colonel: "I have told you that I am determined that duels, if they take place at all, shall be managed in a regular way. When the sword is drawn it is to be used, not to be played with. I do not understand a duel in which only scratches are given; I only understand a duel in which one of the combatants is killed. You will begin again, gentlemen: you have my permission."

According to the notions of the day, the "honor" of the young noblemen forbade their refusing this new trial: and the two intimate friends took their stand again as mortal foes. Incapable of seeking each other's life, yet compelled to use their swords against each other, both sought, by throwing himself on the sword of his opponent, to end the conflict by the sacrifice of his own life, leaving his friend unharmed. While each thus tried to meet death at the hand of his reluctant friend, both at last fell; Sargy mortally wounded, and De Beuron so much injured that it was long ere he again recovered.

This terrible lesson was not lost on the officers of the Royal Infantry. Having learned what were their colonel's ideas on the subject of "regularity" in duelling, no duel ever again took place in the regiment.

QUANTUM.

Have you seen but a bright lily grow,
Before rude hands have plucked it?
Have you marked but the fall of the snow,
Before soil hath smutched it?
Have you felt the wool of the beaver?
Or swan's down ever?
Or have smelt o' the bud of the briar,
Or the nard in the fire?
Or have tasted the bag o' the bee?
Oh so white, oh so soft, oh so sweet is she!

—*Ben Jonson.*

☞ Dull times are perhaps the very best for advertisers. What little trade is going on they get, and whilst others are grumbling, they pay their way; and with the newspapers as a life-preserver, swim on the top of the water, while others are sinking all around.

☞ PIETY.—The essential element of piety is sympathy with the divine government. The proof of sympathy lies in obedience to the great command—"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and thy neighbors as thyself."—*Muscutt.*

☞ Disasters of life, says a late writer, like convulsions of the earth, lay bare the primary strata of human nature; they expose us to elements we might forget, or suppose to be transmuted by the alchemy of civilization. In this respect they are like those geological expositions, useful lessons and mementoes to the lawmaker.

☞ The passions of mankind are partly protective, partly beneficent, like the chaff and grain of the corn: but none without their use, none without nobleness when seen in the balanced unity with the rest of the spirit which they are charged to defend.—*Ruskin.*

☞ When Sheridan was dying he was requested to undergo an operation. He replied he had already submitted to two, which were enough for one man's lifetime. Being asked what they were, he replied, "Having my hair cut, and sitting for my picture."

WHAT less than fool is man to prog and plot,
And lavish out the cream of all his care,
To gain poor seeming goods which, being got,
Make firm possession but a thoroughfare;
Or, if they stay, they furrow thoughts the deeper;
And being kept with care, they loop their careful keeper.

—*Quarles.*

☞ There are people of so little courage as to be afraid to say that the wind blows cold, no matter how much they may feel it, unless they have previously heard others express and maintain similar thoughts on the same subject.

☞ The taste, the fancies, the imagination, the sympathies, and affections, these are the essential properties of a noble intellect, demanding much more care in cultivation than the one bold faculty, reason, to which they are the absolute wings, and soul, and spirit; without which the reason would be marrowless and purposeless, and a mere fraud upon humanity.—*W. Gilmore Simms.*

☞ Lord Bacon is said to have frequently told the following anecdote:—A proud, lazy young fellow once came to an old man who sold broom besoms at Buxton, and asked to have one on credit; to whom the old man said, "Friend, hast thou no money? Borrow of thy back, and borrow of thy belly; they'll ne'er ask thee again; I shall be dunning thee every day."

☞ The Philadelphia Library claims possession of the oldest clock in America. It wants but a few years of being two centuries old. It was made in London, keeps good time, and is said to have been once owned by Oliver Cromwell.—*Notes and Queries.*

☞ Public moneys ought to be touched with the most scrupulous conscientiousness of honor. It is not the produce of riches only, but the hard earnings of labor and poverty. It is drawn from the bitterness of want and misery. Not a beggar passes, or perishes, in the street, whose mite is not in that mass.—*Paine.*

☞ It is glorious to conceive a grand thought, but far more glorious to act it out in one's life.

☞ HUSBAND AND WIFE, a Christmas gift poem, has the following prologue *a la* Leigh Hunt:—

Abel McAdam—may his tribe increase!—
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the gas light of his room,
A female spirit (dressed up a la Bloom-
Er), writing something in a book of gold.
Exceeding drink had made McAdam bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
"What writest, dear?" The spirit raised its head,
And with a voice like that of cooing dove,
Murmured, "*The names of men whom women love.*"
"And is mine one?" asked Abel. "No, sir-ee,"
Replied the spirit. Abel roared with glee,
Then coolly said, "Sweet sprite, write me as one
Who ne'er finds fault with what a woman's done."
The Bloomer wrote and vanished; but next night
It came again with a great wakening light,
And showed the names by love of woman blessed,
When, lo! *McAdam's name led all the rest!*

☞ I notice an "Inquiry" of B. E. H., for a remedy to prevent his mare from throwing her tail over the reins. Please inform B. E. H. to hitch his mare to a buggy, and as soon as hitched, fasten a chestnut burr under her tail; it will keep her tail down, although she may run for a while. If that does not answer, cut off her tail.

OFFICIAL DESPATCH FROM COM. PAULDING.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 29.—The following is the official letter from Commodore Paulding, detailing the circumstances of the arrest of General Walker:

FLAG SHIP WABASH,
Off Aspinwall, Dec. 15, 1857.

SIR—My letter of the 12th instant informed the Department that I had broken up the camp of Gen. Walker, at Punta Arenas, disarmed his lawless followers, and sent them to Norfolk in the Saratoga. The General came here with me, and will take passage in one of the steamers for New York, where he will present himself to the Marshal of the District.

The Department being in possession of all the facts in relation to Walker's escape with his followers from the United States, as well as the letters of Capt. Chatard and General Walker to me, after he landed at Punta Arenas, the merits of the whole question will, I presume, be fully comprehended. I could not regard Walker and his followers in any other light than as outlaws, who had escaped from the [illegible] cers of the Government, and left our shores for the purpose of rapine and murder, and I saw no other way to vindicate the law and redeem the honor of our country that by disarming them and sending them home.

In doing so, I am sensible of the responsibility I have incurred, and confidently look to the Government for my justification. Regarded in its true light, the case appears to me a clear one, the points being few and strong. General Walker came to Punta Arenas from the United States, having, in violation of the law, set on foot a military organization to make war upon a people with whom we are at peace. He landed there with armed men and munitions of war, in defiance of the guns of a ship-of-war, placed there to prevent his landing. With nothing to show that he acted by authority, he formed a camp, hoisted the Nicaraguan flag, called it the "Headquarters of the Army of Nicaragua," and signed himself the Commander-in-Chief.

With this pretension he claimed the right of a lawful Government over all the persons and things within sight of his flag. Without right or without authority he landed forty men at the mouth of the river Colorado, who seized the fort of Castillo on the San Juan, captured the steamers and goods of merchants in transit to the interior, killed men and made prisoners of the peaceful inhabitants, sending to the harbor of San Juan del Norte some thirty or fifty men, women and children, in the steamer Morgan. In doing these things without the show of authority they were guilty of rapine and murder, and must be regarded as outlaws and pirates. They can have no claim to be regarded in any other light. Humanity, as well as law, justice, and the national honor demanded the dispersion of these lawless men. The remnant of the miserable beings who surrendered at Rivas were conveyed in the ship last summer to New York, and their sufferings are yet fresh in the memory of all on board. Besides the sufferings that must necessarily be inflicted upon an innocent and unoffending people, these lawless followers of Gen. Walker, misguided and deceived into a career of crime, would doubtless have perished in Central America, or their mutilated and festering bodies have been brought back to their friends at the expense of their country.

For the above reasons, which appear to my mind quite sufficient, I have disarmed and sent to the United States, General William Walker and his outlawed and piratical followers, for trial or for whatever action the Government, in its wisdom, may think proper to pursue.

Captain Ommany, of H. B. M. ship Brunswick, offered to co-operate with me in removing the party from Punta Arenas, but, as they were my countrymen, I deemed it proper to decline the participation of a foreign flag.

THE ARREST OF GEN. WALKER.—The decision of the Administration as to the course of Commodore Paulding in arresting Gen. Walker is not certainly known. It is *said* the President privately expresses his admiration and approval of it. The President indicates a purpose to send a special message to Congress on the subject, but its character has not transpired.

Senator Douglas, it is *said*, intends to take bold ground in favor of Walker.

The majority of the Cabinet are *said* to disapprove of Commodore Paulding's proceedings. Although the arrest of General Walker is considered not strictly justified by the instructions to Commodore Paulding, it is conceived the case is very much palliated by the circumstances under which, as explained by him, it was effected.

Marshal Rynders, having Gen. Walker in custody, waited upon Gen. Cass at the State Department.

General Cass replied that the Executive Department did not recognize Gen. Walker as a prisoner and that it was only through the action of the judiciary he could be lawfully held in custody to answer any charges which may be brought against him.

Marshal Rynders then informed Gen. Walker that he had no further authority to detain him, and both withdrew.

NEW TREATY WITH JAPAN.—The treaty was made by Mr. Townsend Harris, United States Consul General to Japan, on one side, and the two Governors of Simoda on the other. The terms agreed upon throw open the Japanese port of Nangasaki to the Americans, allow American citizens permanently to reside at the ports of Simoda and Hakodade; permit a United States Vice-Consul to reside at Hakodade, from the 4th of July, 1858; and, among other articles, place the relative value of gold and silver in Japan at the American price, minus six per cent. for the cost of recoinage, instead of the former loss of 75 per cent. by the previous Japanese tariff. The whole treaty, with the reservation above-named, came into operation on the 17th of June, 1857, when it was signed.

REPOY BARBARITIES.—A letter was received on Monday, by Rev. Mr. Murray, of Elizabeth, says the Newark (N. J.) Mercury, announcing the death of Rev. Mr. Freeman and wife, who went out to India in the missionary service some time since. They were taken prisoners by the natives, and after being kept in confinement for some days, were led out to execution, *wading ankle-deep in blood*. About the scaffold where they were beheaded, blood had collected in such quantities as to submerge the several heads of previous victims, against which they stumbled as they walked. They died as they had lived, with true Christian bravery. Mr. Freeman was a native of South Orange, in this county, and his wife of the neighboring city of Elizabeth.

FROM KANSAS.

RENEWAL OF DISTURBANCES, &c.

The St. Louis News announces that the late special session of the Kansas Legislature resulted in the enactment of two laws only—one submitting the *whole* Lecompton Constitution to a vote of the people on the 4th of January, and the other making the perpetration of election frauds felony. Several other enactments were passed over the Governor's veto, but the President of the Council and Speaker of the House not giving their signatures, (being rather new at the work of legislation,) they have not become laws.

Further returns of the election recently held in Kansas, are being received. Johnson county gives 2,000 majority for the Constitution with the slavery clause. Thirteen hundred votes were cast at Oxford. Wyandotte gives 14 majority against the slavery provision.

General Denver, the new Governor of Kansas, has declared openly, it is *said*, his approval of the course of Walker and Stanton, and that the Administration is mistaken if it supposes he will not follow their example. At the urgent request of a large party of free State men from Lawrence, Governor Denver has given up to them the arms taken by Governor Geary during his administration, from the large body of immigrants who reached Kansas by the northern route. General Eldridge gave a bond that they should not be used for ten days, which of course includes the election on the 4th.

Several conflicts had occurred between the Free State and the Pro-Slavery parties at Fort Scott, in Bourbon county. A number of prisoners have been taken on both sides.

The U. S. Marshal, with a force of eighty men, demanded the surrender of the Free State party. The answer to which was a volley of musket balls. The fire was returned, and a fight ensued, lasting one hour, when the Pro-Slavery party retreated, with the loss of one man killed and two mortally wounded. The U. S. Marshal was also dangerously wounded.

Gen. Lane had entrenched his party in the Sugar Mound, and expressed a determination to fight the U. S. dragoons if they attacked him. A battle was regarded as inevitable.

Exciting debates occurred in the Free State Convention in session at Lawrence. The Committee on Resolutions submitted three reports. The majority report disapproved of the proposition to vote at the election for State officers. The first minority report recommends the nomination of a full State ticket; the second minority report, signed by Mr. Redpath, recommends a participation in the State election, for the purpose of [illegible] no man be nominated who will not pledge himself to crush that Constitution: that the Topeka Constitution be submitted to the people; that loyalty to that instrument be made the test of fealty to the Free State party, and that the legislature repeal the present code of laws.

During the debates the most radical revolutionary speeches were made. The convention finally adjourned without nominating candidates for State officers—though it is said that Lieutenant-Governor Roberts, Robinson, Lane, and other leaders, are in favor of taking part in the State election under the Lecompton Constitution, on the 4th of January, and electing free State officers under it, and that there is little doubt that the advice will be followed. The object is said to be to destroy the Lecompton Constitution.

A large number of Missourians are accused of voting at the recent election.

It was stated that the newly-elected legislature, which meets on the 8th of January, would pass a law for a new constitutional convention.

A letter from near the Missouri border confirms the reported death of George W. Clark, accused of killing Barber.

Calhoun, the President of the Lecompton Convention, had gone to Fort Leavenworth for protection—the Free State men having hung him in effigy before the hotel in which he was staying.

LATER FROM EUROPE.

The Niagara arrived at Halifax on the 2nd with Liverpool dates to the 19th ultimo. She brings over $100,000 in specie. News unimportant. No advices from India. A further ineffectual attempt has been made to launch the Leviathan steamer. The American submarine companies are said to have abandoned the attempt to raise the sunken ships at Sebastopol.

The Bank of France has reduced the rate of discount to six per cent. The commercial crisis in the north of Europe continues severe. Affairs in Hamburg are improving. Financial affairs in England are much more cheerful. Gold is flowing into the Bank of England, stocks rising, and a decrease of the rate of interest shortly anticipated.

COMMERCIAL INTELLIGENCE. — Liverpool Cotton Market, Dec. 18.—The sales of cotton for the week has been 28,000 bales, closing with a declining tendency. Holders are pressing on the market. Prices show a decline of ½d., particularly for the new crop.

Breadstuffs were quiet, and generally unchanged. Provisions dull. Wheat firm.

The London Money Market was much easier. Consols for account are quoted at 92¼a92¾. The bullion in the Bank of England shows a large increase.

THE UTAH EXPEDITION.—Colonel Johnston had effected a junction with Col. Alexander, and assumed command of the expedition on the 3rd, and the little army was immediately ordered to march upon Fort Bridger. This post is only about one hundred and fifteen miles from Salt Lake City. It is reported, however, that the Mormons have evacuated Fort Bridger, and burned it.

On the person of the Mormon Major, Joseph Taylor, who was captured, was found an order from Daniel Wells, Lieutenant-General of the Mormons, in which the latter directs him, under date of October 4th, to proceed with all possible dispatch to the Oregon road, near Bear River Bend, taking close and correct observations of the country on his route. "When you approach the road," he says, "send scouts ahead to ascertain if the invading troops have passed that way. If they have passed, take a concealed route and get ahead of them. Send an express to Col. Benton, who is now on that road, and in the vicinity of the troops, and effect a junction with him so as to operate in concert. On ascertaining the locality or route of the troops proceed at once to annoy them in every possible way. Use every exertion to stampede their animals and set fire to their trains; burn the whole country before them and on their flanks; keep them from sleeping by night, by surprises; blockade the road by felling trees or destroying the river fords where you can; watch for an opportunity to set fire to the grass on their windward, so as if possible, to envelope their trains; leave no grass before them that can be burned; keep your men concealed as much as possible, and guard against surprise; keep scouts out at all times, and communication open with Col. Benton, Maj. McCallister and C. P. Rockwell, who are operating in the same way; keep me advised daily of your movements, and every step the troops take, and in what direction. God bless you and give you success.

"YOUR BROTHER IN CHRIST."

THE LIFE-TIME OF A GOVERNOR.—The Governors of Kansas are a short-lived race—real political ephemera. Governor No. 1, A. H. Reeder, reached Kansas Oct. 6th, 1854; removed July 31st, 1855; term of service, ten months. Governor No. 2, Wilson Shannon, reached Kansas September 1st, 1855; removed August 21st, 1856; term of service, thirteen months. Governor No. 3, John W. Geary, reached Kansas September 11th, 1856; returned March, 1857; term of service about seven months. Governor No. 4, Robert J. Walker, reached Kansas May 24th, 1857; resigned December 7th, 1857; term of service, little over seven months.

THE banks of this city have resolved to publish weekly statements, commencing on Tuesday, the 12th of January. They will, according to law, respectively publish their condition on the first discount day in January.

NEWS ITEMS.

INTERESTING STATISTICS.—The number of steamboat accidents this year was 36; lives lost, 322, and 86 wounded. Last year there were 29 accidents, 358 killed, and 127 wounded. Number of railroad accidents, 126; persons killed, 130; wounded, 530. Last year there were 143 accidents; 195 killed, and 629 wounded. During the present year, 26 revolutionary soldiers have died, as have also 25 persons of 100 years of age and over.

TOO TRUE.—The London Morning Post says: "In America there is a large recognized party who systematically work for a panic, who make a business of creating sensations, who exult in distress, and look upon commercial destruction in the same spirit that wreckers on barbarous coasts do upon hurricanes and their consequent disasters at sea."

LARGE SUBSCRIPTION.—It is stated that the subscription to Agassiz's forthcoming scientific work exceeds a million and a quarter of dollars. This is almost unparalleled in the history of modern literature.

THE vote in Wisconsin upon the proposition to extend negro suffrage, was, yeas 28,235, nays 41,346; majority against 13,111.

EARTHQUAKE IN MAINE.—A smart shock of an earthquake was felt at Augusta, Gardiner, Vassalborough, Bath, Damariscotta, Bowdoinham, Richmond, Wiscasset, Turner and Lewiston, in the State of Maine, on the 23rd ult. In the latter place, it threw down the ceiling of the depot.

A CHINESE "SHYLOCK."—At Dry Creek, in Amador county, California, some two years ago, a Chinaman lent a Chinawoman $150, she giving her note for it to bear interest at the rate of 20 per cent. compound interest per month. Suit having been brought on the note, judgment was rendered for the principal and $1,200 interest. The man insisted in open Court for the money or the woman, the Chinamen around declaring that the claim should be enforced after the law of China, if American courts could not do it.

A SPOT ON THE SUN.—A correspondent of the Charleston (S. C.) Courier, says: "A large spot has recently made its appearance on the surface of the sun. It is 40,000 miles in diameter, of rather triangular figure, along the borders of the penumbra, within which are four or five large nuclei, and several smaller ones in the form of dots and lines. The diameter of the spot being five times that of the earth, its surface must be more than six times the whole surface of the earth, or fifteen times greater than the habitable portion of the globe."

A LETTER from Secretary Toucey to Cooper Field, Esq., informs him that the U. S. frigate the Atlantic Submarine Telegraph cable. Chief Engineer Everett has been given a leave of absence, and his services are tendered to the Telegraph Company. The President and Secretary Toucey are both favorable to the enterprise.

MANY distinguished gentlemen called on General Walker in Washington. Nothing is known concerning his future movements. It is his intention, at the proper time, to ask the Government to reinstate him in the position from which he was recently removed by Commodore Paulding.

VERY COOL.—A letter from the Osage Nation, dated 7th of December, says: "The Osage Indians are just returning from their fall hunt; they bring with them twenty-three Pawnee scalps as trophies of their success."

VICTORIA'S CHILDREN.—The Queen's children are rapidly growing up. The Princess Royal, who is about to be married, is now aged 17; the Prince of Wales is 16; the Princess Alice, whose hand is to be demanded in marriage by the Prince of Orange, is 14; and the Prince Alfred, whose "residence at Alverbank" his mamma graciously visited, is 13. Besides these four eldest, the family includes, Helena (11), Louisa (9), Arthur (7), and Leopold (4).

SEA ISLAND COTTON IN TEXAS.—A "subscriber" in Texas writes the Savannah Georgian that Sea Island cotton does well in Texas, yielding not less than a bale to the acre in a good season. Some of it, sold last year, brought 45 cents per pound.

FIFTY gamblers have been notified to leave the city of Dubuque, Iowa.

DANCING.—The Alabama Methodist Protestant Annual Conference has adopted the following resolution:—"That any parents or guardians belonging to our Church who shall patronize that school of sin, the dancing school, by sending their children or wards, shall be subject to trial and reproof, suspension or expulsion, as the case may demand."

SAVED BY HER HOOPS.—A young miss, of fourteen summers, was indulging in the delightful sport of skating on a small water privilege about one mile out of the city, one day last week, and the ice gave away where the water was twelve feet deep, and in she went, but being surrounded by a most fashionable array of hoops, which made a wide ring around her on the neighboring ice, she was saved from sinking far below her waist. Another girl came to her rescue, and she was saved. Had it not been for the hoops her chances would have been very poor.—*Manchester (N. H.) Mirror.*

ALLEGED DELINQUENT TAX PAYERS.—The Hornitos (California) Democrat, of the 5th ult., contains the delinquent tax list for Mariposa county. In that list the principal delinquents are the following, and their property is assessed at the amounts opposite their respective names: J. C. Fremont, $723,000; R. A. Lockwood, $362,500; Benjamin Pitts, $17,690; Greely & Nelson, $13,250. The Mariposa grant, assessed to Fremont, contains 40,500 acres, and R. A. Lockwood is taxed for 3,500 acres in Bear Valley.

THE Legislature of Tennessee has passed a bill declaring that the banks of that State shall resume specie payments on the 1st of January, 1858, at which time they are to issue no notes below $10. No bank, broker or insurance company dealing in money is permitted hereafter to pay out, for circulation, the notes of any bank not chartered by Tennessee; and no bank shall pay out any notes except its own; nor shall it sell or dispose of gold or bank notes for any premium or discount. No dividends shall be paid during suspension, except the profits arising from the Bank of Tennessee, and no interest shall be paid on deposits of any kind.

THE Hon. Henry M. Rice and the Hon. James Shields were elected United States Senators by the Legislature of Minnesota on the 19th ult.

THE river appears to be making fearful encroachments upon the city of Portsmouth, Ohio, sweeping away whole blocks of lots. At the rate that the ground has been caving in during the present month, many buildings and streets must soon give way.

ON Christmas Eve, Nicholas Longworth of Cincinnati, celebrated his golden wedding, being the fiftieth anniversary of his marriage. He went from New Jersey to Cincinnati fifty-four years ago. On the same evening, a niece of his was married. Mr. Longworth is extensively known as the manufacturer of the Catawba wine which bears his name.

AN UNGRATEFUL SCAMP.—A few days since, Luther Smith, of Frankfort, C. W., while travelling, took a foot passenger into his buggy, to give him a ride. His new friend produced some figs, which Mr. Smith partook of and became insensible. The scamp robbed him of $450 and cleared out. Mr. S. was still unconscious when his horse stopped with the vehicle at his residence, but was soon restored.

JUDGE COON, a police magistrate in California, has decided that, under the statutes, there is no law to prohibit women from dressing in male attire. This decision has given great satisfaction to ladies who desire to "wear the breeches."

MONUMENT TO DR. KANE.—The Free Masons of New York propose to erect a monument in honor of Dr. Kane—a snow-peak of immense height—in the park of the Cooper Institute, to be of white marble, of irregular shape, with four tables in the base, appropriately inscribed.

THE total capital of the eighty-five English firms which had fallen between the 7th of September and the 12th of November, was stated in Parliament to have exceeded £42,000,000 sterling.

NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS
OF THE
SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Welcome to the veiled NEW YEAR!
He is here.
Farewell to the OLD:
A twelvemonth since so blithe and bold—
And now, behold,
He lieth gray and low and cold.
Behold!

II.

Yet to the last a stout OLD YEAR,
With festal cheer,
And dance and song, he held him here,
With his great, glad friend:—
A famous giant, ruddy, jolly,
Gracious, tender, crowned with holly,
Robed with green, and ringed with light,
Softly bright!
An ancient name is his by right—
A name and fame, and locks are white;
Christmas! Christmas! May he know no end,
But still be the OLD YEARS', and everybody's friend!

III.

In the blue night divine,
When the dim landscape lay as in a dream
Of heavenly peace supreme,—
In the blue night divine
When gray and sweet the ghostly moonlight bloomed,
And dark and vast the distant city loomed,
O'er the pale fields, the slumbering hills and dells,
Soft floated forth the music of the bells,
And with a sudden mystic light benign,
And the pure temple odor of the pine,
With crimson torch, and ringed with silver flame,
Great, smiling CHRISTMAS came.

IV.

Through the blue night divine,
Flushed over lands and seas that mystic light benign;
And his torch's glorious beams,
The answering signals in the sleepers' dreams.
In poor men's hovels, and in rich men's halls,
The cheerful holly, starting on the walls,
With wreaths and branches of the fragrant pine,
Told everywhere intwine.
The moon sank down—the morn broke cloudy gray—
Bleak, bleak, and bitter was the ashen day;
But Christmas light was under every roof,
And Christmas glee was more than weather-proof,
And midst the swarming greetings, and the mirth,
The feasts, the songs, that gladdened all the earth,
With the OLD YEAR great CHRISTMAS sat enthroned.

V.

Alas! but once to every Year
CHRISTMAS comes, and he may not stay
A longer time than will serve to cheer
The old man gray.
He stayed his stay of a single day,
And at midnight rose and went his way.
For days did babble our graybeard king
Of his Christmas revel and junketing,
With the red glow lighting his palace halls,
And the pine and holly upon his walls.
But when his pulse grew dull and slow,
And the hour drew nigh for his soul to go,
He babbled much of his heir,
Then followed hours of silent care,
When through his darkly-brooding brain
Swept the long motley pageant of his reign—
Swarmed the myriad-figured, many-passioned whole;
Till as the midnight bells began to toll,
The solemn vision floated wide,
Faded into darkness, and the OLD YEAR died!

VI.

Low be the who was so blithe and bold,
A twelvemonth told.
His reign was a reign of gloom and gold,
Good and evil manifold.
Strange his visage now to look upon;
The mystic film that hid it once is gone,
And, like his words and deeds, unscreened,
Like them, it seems half angel and half fiend.
Low he lies, and with us here,
His visage veiled, is the blithe NEW YEAR.
Giver of gifts, bearer of fates unknown,
He takes the ancestral throne.

VII.

We shall remember oft and oft again
The tale of the OLD YEAR'S reign.
His was menaced from the outer vast
By the milestoned comet rushing past;
The tremendous apparition swirled
Past the airy edges of the world,
Its enormous circles still to run,
Narrowing in to gain the central sun,
When its furnace-breath shall smite the Year—
Touch and shrivel up the peopled sphere.—
He it was who fatefully decreed
That the nations' errands should not speed
Through the interoceanic coil.
Now the cackerling mermen mock the toil:
Their unstable water-world still rolls,
Threaded not by word of human souls.
But the magic causeway still is planned,
And the land shall yet accost the land!—
He it was, who at a later day
Blew the traders' golden schemes away;
Heaved an earthquake under the affairs
Of financiers, and of millionaires,
Whirled the wealth of commerce out of sight,
On each ledger pecked the bankrupt sprite,
And deranged, with shocks the engine feels,
Trade's thick-millioned complicated wheels—
He it was, who under Asian skies,
Under the bloody cloud of war arise.
Still it reddens o'er the spending fray,
On the flowery region of Cathay;
Still it drips and darkens in the flare
Of the Hindoo's burning town and
Flash of rushing guns and crashing steel,
Still in stabbing snarls the fighters reel,
Still the pale and swarthy myriads pour,
Heavenly howling in their swamp of gore.
So, we read in Oriental scrolls,
Darky Afrects fought with livid Gholes:

VIII.

Speak no half-truth of the dead:
Let the good the OLD YEAR wrought be said.
Lo! when summer heats began to pour
He unclosed the gates of Labrador:
Ere with breezes from the realms of snow,
Tempering down the equatorial glow,
Cool and sweet he left the summer hours,
Blue with summer skies and bright with summer flowers;
Well Disease's black banditti train,
Made but little ravage in his reign;
And the vital and electric air
Yielded antidotes to worldly care.—
Leagues on leagues the harvest's fullest gold,
Bright and broad across the land was rolled;
To the golden smiles of eve and morn,
Earth laughed back in golden wheat and corn;
Never sang the wind its summer strain,
Over broader surges of the grain,
And the Autumn granaries, to the eaves,
Full were crowded with the OLD YEAR'S sheaves.—

Ah, withhold the record! who can tell
Of the many things he did so well?
Countless gifts were showered from his horn—
Good unmixed, and good from evil born—
Myriad nameless joys to every hearth—
Sabbath days of bridal, love, and birth—
Sunbright hopes, green memories—who can tell
All the OLD YEAR did, and did so well?
Each heart keeps the record. Let each heart,
Musing, scan a little while apart
The illuminated lists that tell
All the OLD YEAR did, and did so well.

IX.

He is gone. Deep voices in us say,
We shall meet him at the Judgment Day.
All he did for us will then be shown—
All he did against us then be known—
All we said and did beneath his sway,
He will render at the Judgment Day.
He who once was o'er us, in us, near us,
Faithful witness, will convict or clear us—
He and others of his ancient race
Let him pass. Another fills his place.

KOUAN-FOU-YOUAN.
AN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF A WIFE.

FROM THE CHINESE.

In the fifth watch of the first day of the year, when winter reigns in all his severity, my tender wife died. Is there on earth a man more unhappy than I? Oh, if thou wert still alive, I would give thee a new robe for the new year! But, alas, thou hast descended to the gloomy kingdom watered by the Yellow Fountain. Come to me in the middle of the night, that husband and wife may see one another again; come to me in the third watch; let me renew the illusions of the past.

In the second moon, at the birth of the spring, the sun shines longer in the sky, and each family washes its robes and linen in pure water. Husbands who have still their wives, love to adorn them with new clothes; but I, who have lost mine, I am a prey to a grief that wastes my life away. I have removed from my sight the little shoes that enclosed her pretty feet. Sometimes I have thought of taking another companion; but where should I find another so beautiful, so witty, so kind!

In the third moon, at the epoch called Tsing-ming, the peach-tree opens its its rose-colored blossoms, and the willow begins to display its green tresses. Husbands who have still their wives, go with them to visit the graves of their relations. But I, who have lost mine, I go alone to visit her grave. When I see the spot where her ashes repose, burning tears stream down my cheeks. I present to her funeral-offerings: I burn for her images of gilded paper. "Tender wife!" I exclaim, with a tearful voice, "where art thou? Tender wife! where art thou? But, alas, she is deaf to my cries! I see a solitary tomb, but I cannot see my wife." * * *

In the sixth moon, at the epoch called San-fo, it is difficult to support the burning heat of the day. The rich and poor then spread their clothes to air. I will expose a silken robe to the sun's hot rays. Look, here is the robe she wore on festival days!—here are the elegant is my wife? Oh, where is the mother of my children? I feel as if a cold, steel-blade were dividing my heart. * * * * *

The fifteenth day of the eighth moon, when her disc shines with its greatest splendor, men and women offer to the gods melons and cakes, which have a rounded form like that of the orb of night.* Husbands and wives go two and two to walk in the country, and enjoy the sweet moonlight; but the round disc of the moon can only remind me of the wife I have lost. At times, to relieve my wo, I pour for myself a cup of generous wine; at times I take my guitar, but scarcely can my trembling hand draw forth a sound. My relations and friends come, turn by turn, to invite me; but my heart, full of bitterness, refuses to share their pleasures.

In the ninth moon, at the epoch called Tchong-yang, the chrysanthemums open their golden cups, and every garden exhales a balmy odor. I would gather a bunch of newly blown flowers, if I had still a wife whose hair they could adorn. My eyes are wet with tears, my hands are contracted by grief, and beat my fleshless breast. I enter into the elegant chamber that was once my wife's; my two children follow me, and come sadly to embrace my knees. Each one takes me by the hand, and calls me with a choking voice. By their tears, their sobs, their gestures, they ask me for their mother.

The first day of the tenth moon, both rich and poor present winter clothes to their wives. But I who have no wife, to whom shall I offer winter clothes? When I think of her who shared my bed, who rested on the same pillow, I burn for her images of gilded paper, and my tears flow fast. I send these offerings to her who now dwells beside the Yellow Fountain. I know not whether these funeral gifts will be of use to the shade of her who is no more, but at least her husband will have paid her a tribute of love and regret.

In the eleventh moon, when I have saluted winter, I call my beautiful wife. In my cold bed, I double up my body. I dare not stretch out my legs, and half of the silken counterpane covers an empty place. I sigh and invoke Heaven; I pray for pity on a husband who passes solitary nights. At the third watch, I rise without having slept, and I weep until the dawn.

In the twelfth moon, in the midst of winter's cold, I called my tender wife. "Where art thou?" I said. "I think of thee all day, yet I cannot see thy face." The last night of the year, she appeared to me in a dream; she pressed my hand in hers; she smiled on me with tearful eyes; she encircled me with her caressing arms, and filled my soul with happiness. "I pray thee," she said to me, "to weep no more when thou rememberest me: henceforth, I will come thus, each night, to visit thee in thy dreams."

* The full moon presides over happy marriages.

A NEW EXPOSITION.—In one of the colored churches in Louisville, Ky., at a recent Sabbath evening service, a venerable colored preacher was expatiating eloquently and forcibly upon the benefit of prayer. He had gone well into his discourse, and was fortifying his position by illustrations from the Old Testament heroes, and among others he brought up the case of Daniel. "My bredren," he said, "there was Daniel, who was cast in de den ob lions—he knew de benefits ob prayer. You remember about it. Dey took de lions and dey starve them several days and make dem very fierce. And den dey take Daniel and cast him in de den ob lions. But de lions didn't hurt him. No, my bredren, Daniel prayed unto the Lord, and de Lord sent his *angel, and every lion had de lockjaw*, and Daniel was saved."

WASHINGTON AND SIR J. REYNOLDS.—During the contest between England and America, so strongly was it the opinion of many influential men in England that the colonists must be conquered in the end, that Sir Joshua Reynolds (who thought the contrary) actually received five guineas each from several gentlemen, under a promise to pay them in return one thousand pounds if ever he painted the portrait of General Washington in England (as a captive, of course,) and which he was not to refuse to do in case the General should be brought to him to that intent. This curious incident is vouched for by his pupil Northcote. A portrait of Washington, by Reynolds, would be worth some sacrifice—but fortunately the expected opportunity never was given.

MABEL.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Oh, birds of the wild West land—
And birds of the Southern clime—
And birds of the Arctic regions spann'd
With the breadth of a sky sublime—

Fly out of the desolate night,
Fly out of the wind and rain;
Oh, fly to the beautiful spheres of light,
And never come back again!

Fly up from the sleet and frost,
From the tempest's wailing breath;
For the rhyme of the summer-time is cross'd
With the sorrowful legend—death!

The flowers are dead in the wood,
The meadows are dreary and lone,
And under the maples, simple and rude,
There leaneth a carven stone!

Oh! under the rainy skies—
For the boughs are shaken bare—
The clay is damp on her dark, dark eyes,
And chill on her nut-brown hair!

Her pale hands folded across,
My Beautiful takes her sleep,
Safe from sorrow and sin and loss,
And never again to weep!

Serenely she lieth at rest,
While the storms above her rave;
But my heart lieth broken and dead in my breast,
As the sods that cover her grave.

Oh, birds of the Western land—
And birds of the South-land bright—
And birds of the Arctic splendors spann'd
By the zone of a glorious night—

Oh, fly to the happy spheres—
To the angel-trodden shore—
She hath passed like a star thro' the mist of tears,
And I never will need ye more!

Oh, cerulle drifted leaves—
And storm and rain sublime—
And wind that crieth around the eaves
Like a poet's mournful rhyme—

When my face is blanched like snow,
And my locks are heavy with clay,
Over the North hills wildly blow,
And cover me from the day.

Blow down to the reedy shore,
And cover for ever and evermore,
Our graves from the summer light!

EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

THE AFRICAN LION.

Dr. Livingstone says of the lion:—"When a lion is very hungry, and lying in wait, the sight of an animal may make him commence stalking it. In one case, a man, while stealthily crawling towards a rhinoceros, happened to glance behind him, and found, to his horror, a lion *stalking him*—he only escaped by springing up a tree like a cat. At Lopepe, a lioness sprang upon the after quarter of Mr. Oswell's horse, and when we came up to him we found the marks of the claws on the horse, and a scratch on Mr. O.'s hand. The horse, on feeling the lion on him, sprang away, and the rider, caught by a wait-a-bit thorn, was brought to the ground and rendered insensible. His dogs saved him. Another English gentleman (Captain Codrington) was surprised in the same way, though not hunting the lion at the time; but, turning round, he shot him dead in the neck. By accident, a horse belonging to Codrington ran away, but was stopped by the bridle catching a stump: there he remained a prisoner two days, and when found, the whole space around was marked by the footprints of lions. They had evidently been afraid to attack the haltered horse from fear it was a trap. Two lions came up by night, to within three yards of oxen, tied to a wagon, and a sheep tied to a tree, and stood, roaring, but afraid to make a spring. On another occasion, one of our party was lying sound asleep, and unconscious of danger, between two natives, behind a bush, at Mbokue.—The fire was nearly out at their feet, in consequence of all being completely tired out by the fatigues of the previous day. A lion came up to within three yards of the fire, and then commenced roaring, instead of making a spring; the fact of their riding-ox being tied to the bush was the only reason the lion had for not following his instinct, and making a meal of flesh.—He then stood on a knoll, three hundred yards distant, and roared all night, and continued his growling as the party moved off by daylight next morning.

"Nothing that I ever learned of the lion would lead me to attribute to it either the ferocious or noble character ascribed to it elsewhere. It possesses none of the nobility of the Newfoundland or St. Bernard dogs. With respect to its great strength, there can be no doubt. The immense masses of muscle around its jaws, shoulders, and forearms, proclaim tremendous force. They would seem, however, to be inferior in force to those of the Indian tiger. Most of these feats of strength that I have seen performed by lions, such as the taking away of an ox, were not carrying, but dragging or trailing the carcase along the ground. They have sprung, on some occasions, on to the hind quarters of a horse, but no one has *ever* seen them on the withers of a giraffe. They do not mount on the hind quarters of an eland, but try to tear him down with their claws. Messrs. Oswell and Vardon once saw three lions endeavoring to draw down a buffalo, but they were unable to do so for a time, though he was then mortally wounded by a two-ounce ball."

THE LEES OF LIFE.

I have had my will,
Tasted every pleasure;
I have drank my fill
Of the purple measure:
It has lost its zest,
Sorrow is my guest,
Oh, the lees are bitter—bitter—
Give me rest!

Love once crowned the bowl,
Running o'er with bliss;
Made my very soul
Drunk with crimson kisses
But I drank it dry,
Love has passed me by;
Oh, the lees are bitter—bitter—
Let me die!

ANALYSIS OF DRESS.—I never see a person proud of fine dress but I think, "Well, he has only cast off clothes, after all; he has the jacket of the lamb, and the old great coat of the sheep; from head to foot he is dressed in what the trees or the animals have used before him. His shoes are made of hides, his stockings of the cotton shrub, his shirt of the flax plant, his handkerchief is spun by the caterpillar, and his gloves are the waistcoat of the angola."

THE RIGHTS OF WOMEN.

The *London Athenæum*, in a recent article, discourseth as follows:—

Poor dear Woman! endowed with so many fairy gifts, yet unable to use them to profit. A fair field and plenty of favor have they had from the beginning of the world, but how little they have made out of it, witness their uneasy condition at the present moment, and the perplexed state of their relations! Interesting patients, for whom every pedant prescribes his moral quack medicine! One wishes for them, before all things, a little wholesome letting alone, with plenty of fresh air and the free use of their limbs; we should see what would come of it. Women, we suppose, are human beings; and if they were allowed to take their chance as such, instead of having from babyhood their minds and morals specifically labelled "feminine," there would be a better hope they might turn out rational creatures. "Women's rights" and "Women's wrongs" would then find their level, and be absorbed in the wholesome life of the community.

The old-fashioned maxims, that "A woman was to make herself into a beautiful reflex of her husband," and spend her life in "obeying him" and "making him happy," have become doubtful for two reasons:—one being, that the matrimonial superstition about a husband being his wife's incarnation of human wisdom, is going the way of all superstitions: the other is, that husbands have ceased to be plentiful. Formerly, every woman born into the nursery might calculate with certainty on being married. *Then*, to be "an old maid," was the consequent penalty for being either intensely ugly or extremely disagreeable. All that is now changed; in the present day, if a woman with moderate beauty or less fortune waits till somebody comes to marry her, the chances are that she will have her waiting for her pains.

The peculiarity of modern literature is, that women are addressed more as independent, and less as relative beings—the possibility that they may remain unmarried is assumed, and dealt with. This alone marks an advance in common sense, in the books which profess to inform women of "something to their advantage."

When women open their eyes and heart they will see that all their "wrongs" and "disabilities" have their source in themselves; that they can be strong and free only on the same terms on which men and nations can obtain their freedom—viz., that of showing themselves capable of obtaining and holding it. They cannot be at once free and favored. Never was there a state of society in which women had a fairer opportunity of being or doing anything that seems good or right in their own eyes. No human being can *give* freedom to another; at the utmost he can only abstain from throwing obstacles in the way.

The first thing needful to any amelioration that women may desire in their condition is, that they should consider themselves as rational beings, and act accordingly; and we will undertake to promise that they will be treated accordingly. What tells most against the position of women is, that they are neither true to each other nor to themselves; they do not stand by each other; each is content to make terms for herself, and to give up her neighbor. Women won't unite with each other. All their boasted generosity and self-sacrifice and self-devotion is for the sake of their lovers or husbands or children, some personality of their own to be gratified; they have a scant sense of justice, and no idea of the [illegible] and proportions of duties. If men have all these years been in the position of lords and masters—the *ruling* body—it undoubtedly is that on the whole they have *deserved* to be so; no other "right prescriptive" will endure the wear and tear of actual life. Those who do the actual work of the world rule the world. Wherever women have shown breadth and strength of character, sound judgment, self-control, and the qualities that make man a master, they have had power and influence and reverence accordingly. Water does not more surely find its own level than quality of character its befitting results. None can hinder cause and effect, and in the great just balance of Nature whatever men or races or nations deserve, so much will they obtain. We are not speaking of sentimental deservings, but of the power a man may have to make his works accepted and respected. This power is not transferable.

ENGLISH PLUCK.—Prince Napoleon in his recent Expedition to the North, consulted the captain of one of his English steam tenders, relative to a trip to Greenland. The narrative says:—

"He was (the captain) still a young man, with fair hair, blue eyes, and the looks of a modest miss who has only just escaped from the tutelage of St. Catherine. 'You are accustomed to navigation?' inquired Captain de la Ronciere. 'Yes,' answered our Englishman, modestly lowering his eyes; 'I have just arrived from Oceanica, and I only stopped at Liverpool time enough to get in your coals.' 'Have you been a long time in the profession?' 'I have never had another.' 'What would you think of a journey to Greenland?' 'Nothing at all. I should not think of it.' 'Would you be willing to accompany us there?' 'Not immediately; the fires are out; it will take two hours to get up steam, and then I am ready.' 'Do you know the way there?' 'I have a chart; I believe it is a correct one.' 'But the ice?' interrupted one of the expedition. 'Ah! yes, there is a good deal. I have heard that ice abounds in that country.' 'And you think you could get there?' 'Oh! one always arrives at a place if the ship's head is put in the right direction.'"

HISTORY OF A CANNON BALL.—At the commencement of the action on board the President frigate, a ball (an 18 pound shot) came over the waist cloths of the President, and such was the force of the ball that it actually cut off, without throwing them down, the muzzles of several of the muskets, (left there by the marines,) from six to eight inches in length, killed one marine, took off the wrist of one midshipman, Mr. Montgomery, killed another, Mr. Bird, together with the quarter-gunner, and finally lodged upon the deck, and was taken below by the narrator of this and shown to the lieutenant, Mr. Dallas, who took it in his hand and wrote on it with chalk—"Cousin, I have received your present, and will return it again," clapped it in the gun himself, and fired the piece, and it is a remarkable fact that it killed several of the officers and men on board the Belvidere, and finally lodged in the cabin of that vessel, and was afterwards hung up in the Belvidere's cabin during the war.—*Portland Standard.*

THE LITTLE SLEEPER.

She sleeps; but the soft breath
No longer stirs her golden hair,
The robber hand of Death
Has stolen thither unaware;
The lovely eclipse
Is still as beautiful and fair,
But mournfully we miss
The gentle habitant that sojourned there.

With stealthy pace he crept,
To the guest-chamber where it lay—
That angel thing—and slept,
And whispered it to come away;
He broke the fairy lute
That light with laughter used to play,
And left all dull and mute
The silver strings that tinkled forth so gay.

Then with his finger cold
He shut the glancing windows too;
With fringe of drooping gold,
He darkened the small panes of blue.
Sheer from the marble floor
He swept the flowers of crimson hue;
He closed the ivory door,
And o'er the porch the rosy curtains drew.

The angel-guest is gone,
Upon the spoiler's dark wings borne;
The road she journeys on,
Wends evermore, without return.
To ruin and decay
The fairy palace now must turn,
For the sun's early ray
Upon its walls and windows shall not play,
Nor light its golden roof to-morrow morn. C.

PLATFORM SPEAKING.

We happened to see in the fall of 1856, at a political mass-meeting, a capital proof of the force with which good speaking still carries everything before it with the multitude, and the abundant opportunity still afforded in this way upon the platform for its display. Upon the stage were seated men whose names were powers in the world of letters and of politics; upon the floor was assembled an audience of every stripe and shade of humanity, mingling and churning in a sort of political broth, such as only an American mass meeting can produce. In leaving the hall, after the valedictory "nine cheers" had crashed upon the ear, we happened to encounter a learned and well-known person, who had been observed in the course of the evening closely intent upon the golden utterances of the speaker; we asked him how he liked it—expecting a reply expressing the affected contempt of dry erudition, for any exhibition of the fine arts—but to our gratification he replied, "As that man went on, I almost felt an entire suspension of my self-control, especially when he warmed into the white heat of his passion." Surprised no less than satisfied, we elbowed our way along, and soon had the pleasure of hearing from the other end of the social scale; for suddenly the crush upon the stairs pushed us against a gruff, coarse-looking person, who might have been a horse-jockey for aught in his appearance to contradict it. But just at that moment he was delivering, like Jack Bunsby, *his opinion;* and though his judgment was expressed in a homely manner, it was decisive. Said he to his companion, "That fellow spoke first-rate; I didn't exactly get the whole idea, but I do love to hear 'em reel it off so slick. I'll vote for him, you better believe;" and so saying, a wave of people swallowed him up and gulped him down stairs out of further hearing. But in these brief moments we had heard the criticism and the taste of the head-piece and the tail-piece of the multitude of Americans. To that criticism, as identical in spirit as it was contrasted in expression, all the people would have said "Amen!"—*The Golden Age of American Oratory.*

INDEPENDENCE.

How happy is he born or taught
Who serveth not another's will;
Whose armor is his honest thought,
And simple truth his highest skill;

Whose passions not his masters are;
Whose soul is still prepared for death;
Not tied unto the world with care
Of public fame or private breath;

Who God doth late and early pray
More of His grace than goods to lend,
And walks with man from day to day,
As with a brother and a friend.

This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall;
Lord of himself, if not of lands;
And having nothing, yet hath all.
—*Sir Henry Wotton.*

MARRIAGE FACILITIES IN ENGLAND ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.—The law of marriage had hitherto been so loose that all kinds of hurried and clandestine unions could be formed all over England with more facility than they are now at Gretna-Green. No notice or publication of banns was required, no license was looked for, and any parson might perform the ceremony at any time or in any place, without consent of parents, or any other preliminary conditions whatever; and the worst or the most needy of the clergy would often forward the most rash or disgraceful marriages for the sake of the paltry fee. The great temple of the pseudo Hymen was the Fleet Prison. Parsons confined for debt, scoundrels saddled with gin and tobacco, would marry in three minutes, and for the small charge of two shillings, any couple that presented themselves. "In walking along the street in my youth," says Pennant, "on the side next to this prison, I have often been tempted by the question, *Sir, will you be pleased to walk in and be married?* Along this most lawless space was hung up the frequent sign of a male and female hand conjoined, with *Marriages performed within*, written beneath. A dirty fellow invited you in. The parson was seen walking before his shop; a squalid figure, clad in a tattered plaid night-gown, with a fiery face, and ready to couple you for a dram of gin or roll of tobacco." To put a stop to these crying abuses a bill was prepared by the judges under the auspices of Lord Chancellor Hardwicke, and brought into the Upper House. It provided that all marriages should henceforward take place either by banns published on three successive Sundays, or by license granted in a regular manner; and that all other marriages should be void, and the person that solemnized any such transported for seven years.—*Knight's Pictorial History of England.*

FEMALE NAMES BORNE BY MEN.—Bramble tells us that there was a King of the East Angles whose name was Anna. The last King of the House of Stuart, "Henry IX." (Cardinal York), bore a female name, "Henry Benedict Maria Clement." T. W. King, *York Herald*, speaks of a gentleman at Caen, in 1854, named Anna Wardell. Michael Henry Mary Blount, of Mapledurham, is a gentleman to whom Mr. Carruthers acknowledges himself to have been greatly indebted in preparing his last edition of the "Life of Pope" for the press.

HOW TO OBTAIN A FAIRY.—The belief in these interesting little creatures was strong in olden times. They are considered to be identified, in some measure, with the fabulous deities of the classic nations. In the Ashmolean collection of manuscripts at the British Museum, there is a curious recipe how to "gette a Faerie," which is worth transcribing:—"First get a broad square chrystall, or Venice glasse, in lengthe and breadthe, three inches: then lay that glasse or chrystall in the bloode of a white hen, three Wednesdays or three Fridayes; then take it out, and wash it with holiwag, and fumigate it: then take three hazel stikes, or wandes, of a year growth; pill them fair and white; and strike so long as you write the spiritt, or faerie's name, which you call three times, on everie strike. Then bury them under some hill, where, as you suppose, faeries haunt, and the Wednesdaye before you call them, and the Fridaye following, take them uppe, and call her at eight, or ten, or three, of the clock, which be good planetts and hours for that turne; but when you call, be clean in life, and turn your face towards the East, and *when you have her*, binde her to that stone, or glasse."

Useful Receipts.

TO REMOVE STAINS FROM THE HANDS.—A few drops of oil vitriol (*sulphuric acid*) in water will take the stains of fruit, dark dyes, stove blacking &c., from the hands, without injuring them. Care must however be taken not to drop it upon the clothes. It will remove the color from woolen, and eat holes in cotton fabrics.

TO REMOVE RUST.—To remove rust from steel, cover with sweet oil, well rubbed on it: in forty-eight hours use unslaked lime, powdered very fine. Rub it till the rust disappears. To prevent the rust, mix with fat oil varnish four-fifths of well-rectified spirits of turpentine. The varnish is to be applied by means of a sponge; and articles varnished in this manner will retain their brilliancy, and never contract any spots of rust. It may be applied to copper philosophical instruments, &c.—*London Field.*

A DURABLE PAINT FOR OUTDOOR WORK.—Any quantity of charcoal powdered, a sufficient quantity of litharge as a drier, to be well levigated with linseed oil, and when used to be thinned with well-boiled linseed oil. The above forms a good black paint, and by adding yellow ochre an excellent green is produced, which is preferable to the bright green used by painters for ullgarden work, and does not fade with the sun. This composition was first used by Dr. Parry, of Bath, on some spouts, which, on being examined fourteen years afterwards, were found to be as perfect as when first put up.—*Agricultural Gazette.*

WARMING AIR BY CANDLES.—A correspondent of the *Medical Times* says:—Having, by what is called an accident been greatly benefited in my breathing, I know of no plan so likely to make others sharers of my blessing than by sending you a very brief account, to be spread over the kingdom in your well-read columns.—With many others I have been very particular in ascending stairs, on account of difficulty in respiration coming on, and especially in cold nights. A few evenings since, in going up to my bedroom, I insensibly put the taper that was in my hand near to my mouth, so that I inhaled the warmed atmosphere immediately around the flame. I instantly felt my breathing easier. Every night since then I have pursued the same plan, and with the same advantage; and the reason appears to be so demonstrable that one wonders it has never been tried before; perhaps it has, but not made known.

TO MAKE WASHING EASY.—Take one half pound of hard soap, cut fine and dissolved; one half pound of soda; dissolve each by itself, and when so done put them together, and boil, adding one teacupful of strained lime water. Put this in to boil the clothes. Boil them twenty minutes. This will serve several boilers full. The clothes must be previously soaked, and soap rubbed on the stained spots. You can wash the finest material with this, and colored clothes boiled in this will not fade.

PICKLING SWEET APPLES.—Here is something we know to be good:—To one half peck sweet apples make a syrup of two pounds sugar and one pint of vinegar. Boil the apples in this syrup until tender; then remove them and make a new syrup of two and a half pounds of sugar and one pint of vinegar. Add one teaspoonful of cloves and one of cinnamon tied in a bag. Let the syrup boil fifteen or twenty minutes; then pour it, while hot, over the fruit. The first syrup is good for other sauces.—*American Agriculturist.*

PUMPKIN PRESERVES.—The following is home-tried and proved:—An excellent and economical sweetmeat is thus prepared:—To seven pounds of pumpkins take five pounds of sugar, four lemons, and two ounces of green ginger root, to be obtained at most grocers' stores.—Cut the pumpkin in slices half an inch in thickness, and in size and form to suit the fancy. Boil the pumpkin in the syrup until tender.—Then remove it and add the lemons and ginger root. These should be sliced thinly and scalded before being put into the syrup. Boil it down until it is rich enough to keep without fermenting, and then pour it over the pumpkin. If the ginger root cannot be obtained, lemons alone impart to it an agreeable flavor.—*American Agriculturist.*

RENOVATING FURS.—Muffs, capes, cuffs and other articles of fur should be beaten smartly with a switch, then brushed with a stiff brush, and carefully examined. If there are any moth-eaten parts they should be cut out, and their places supplied with other pieces of fur which match them in color, neatly sewed in. The lining and stuffing will have to be removed for this purpose. White furs should be rubbed over smartly with a stick of pipe clay, then switched, and afterwards carefully brushed. This operation will make them look clean.

To remove grease from fur they require to be treated thoroughly by a person engaged in the business; still, any person may remove some of the grease from a muff or cape by placing the article on a table, covering the spot with a layer of soapstone dust about an inch deep, laying a sheet of blotting paper upon it, and on the top of that a warm flatiron—not too hot. The heat of the iron softens the grease in the fur, and the soapstone dust then absorbs it. Warm soapstone dust rubbed among furs, then switched out and brushed off improves their appearance. Soapstone dust can thus be employed for all kinds of fur, and of every color.—*Scientific American.*

Original Novelet.

THE RAID OF BURGUNDY.

A Historical Romance

OF

FRANCE AND THE SWISS CANTONS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY AUGUSTINE DUGANNE.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1857, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XXII.

THE CHATEAU DE VARENS.

The chateau or castle of Godfrey de Varens, crowning a precipitous hill, and overlooking upon the one side a deep valley, through which, in its rocky bed tumbled a mountain stream, always turbid, and sometimes swollen to torrent size by heavy rains, while on the other side it commanded the only approach by which the hill-top could be gained, was a fortress, which, in natural position was almost impregnable, and if defended by a few culverins, might bid defiance to any enemy save famine. It was situated on the borders of the estates of Armagnac, that turbulent family which during the last century had continually embroiled the land of France in trouble, and, disputing with its great rival, the House of Burgundy, had more than once held possession of Paris and dictated terms to royalty itself. Surrounded by Gascon villages, whose inhabitants ever followed the banners of their Count whithersoever they might lead, the chateau De Varens was by turns the object of suspicion or confidence, according as the changing fortunes of its lord were devoted to the service of Armagnac or that of the crown. Godfrey de Varens, rejoicing in the possession of but a single castle, and, dependent for his revenue on the few glebes and the miserable hamlet under his immediate jurisdiction, or the still more precarious proceeds of plunder in the civil wars, might have been reckoned of little consequence when the chief of the House of Armagnac was regent of the realm; but at this period, when the warlike Count James d'Armagnac, Duke de Nemours, and other members of the family were in open conflict with the authority of Louis—the position of this castle as a fortress, and of its owner as an adherent of the King, was the cause of much jealousy to those Gascons who favored the side of Burgundy. Nevertheless, secure as much in his poverty, as in the strength of his hold, Godfrey de Varens had thus far kept his household to himself, and exercised in his small lordship the unrestricted right of a feudal ruler.

The chateau was built upon the slope of a huge rock, its substructure being a portion of the mountain itself. The thick walls, gray with age, defended by barbican towers and square bastions, overlapped by their parapets upon one side many hundred feet of perpendicular rocks, and on the other descended to the mouth of a gulch or defile that formed a causeway, narrow and steep, descending between walls of rock to the plain below on which stood the little hamlet of Varens. About a hundred yards from the castle, and beyond a moat that separated its main entrance from the mouth of the defile, a narrow path diverged upward to a naked cliff, towering to an altitude with the highest turret of the chateau. This cliff was perforated by various cells and shallow caverns, for it had once been the abode of monkish anchorites who, centuries before, had there formed a community of ascetics, differing much in habit from the comfortable friars who at this period occupied a neighboring monastery, and were noted at once for their amorous hymns at vespers and the comfortable girth of their well-fed bodies.

But this has little to do with our history—save as the mention of the rock-hewn cells may lead the reader's attention to one of these excavations, which being situated upon the highest ridge of the cliff, commanded not only a view of the castle, but of many leagues of country extending far beyond the borders of the Armagnac territories. The cell itself did not seem large, apparently perforating the rock only a short distance; but its entrance was wide and sheltered from storms by the heavy growth of lichen that overhung the cliff. Within, its area might be a dozen feet, and against one of its walls was raised a rude altar surrounded by a rustic cross. Other furniture there was not, save a pile of dried leaves in one corner over which a sheepskin was spread, and a wooden stool near the entrance, on which, at the present time sat a young maiden, whose beautiful face, irradiated by the slanting beams of sunset now bathing the night, seemed that of a seraph rather than a being of mortal mould. At a few paces distant, and just without the cell, the figure of a tall man was relieved against the golden sky. He wore a monk's habit, but the cowl, falling back from his forehead, revealed a face of majestic contour, half-hidden by a noble beard, and eyes which, dark and lustrous, seemed now illumined by more than human fervor as he chanted in rich, deep tones a canticle of the royal psalmist; the young girl meanwhile listening with rapt attention.

The scene was a striking one. It was an October evening, and the rare tints of autumn, heightened by the glow of a full-orbed sun sinking to the horizon, clothed the mountain and the vale which crowned it, in a blaze of lucent color. At a little distance the castle of Varens overlooking the steep declivity, loomed gray and grand against the heavens: far below, seen for many leagues through the clear atmosphere, stretched the plains and hillsides of the Gascon land while the erect figure of the monk, with amplified as he sang, and the radiant shape of the maiden who with folded hands listened devout might suggest the thought that they were friend and vestal of the scene—fit ministrants at such a sir so magnificent.

At ngth the song ceased, and the monk drawing ne to the young girl, took her hand within is own and said gently,

"M beloved daughter is pleased with the poor ent that I essayed—albeit it is all unworthy scene sublime as this around us!"

"Hol father! I did think when thou wert singing, at many voices in the sky were joining! Ah indeed! I did almost fancy that I could look far up into yon golden clouds and spy the flashing wings of angels, and—was it sinful, Father Rsert?"

"God forbid thy innocent dreams should be deemed sinful, Angela!" answered the monk.

THE BLUE GROTTO AT CAPRI.

The above is one of the Scenes from Mr. Albert Smith's Entertainments; in the following hexameter lines he describes "the Blue Grotto at Capri:"—

This is the grotto Azzura—a bright home of coral and oysters;
Ultramarine is the color that bathes all its wave-fretted cloisters.
Such an abode might the Syrens have had who were "sold" by Ulysses
Not a great way from the grotto, and there became food for the *pisces;*
If you would know how they failed to enchant the bold Ithacan roamer,
Read your Pausanias, Strabo and Ovid, and Virgil and Homer.
In the meantime, as we stop at Sorrento, of Naples the glory,
List to the Austrian Lloyd's engineer and his very dull story.

It is supposed that Virgil was ignorant of the existence of this cave; it is thought that he would not have omitted seizing on that which no mind like his could have passed over—he who in his poem has omitted no single point of local beauty. A poetical traveller remarks that he never saw such intense translucence as the sea possesses round the rocks of Capri; nor such beautiful specimens of iris-hued sands lying beneath, greener than emeralds and bright as sapphires. The cave has been mentioned as one of the baths of Tiberius; but this statement is apocryphal. The deep water, floating full and wide into the cave from its narrow entrance, is of the hue and transparency of the lightest and brightest sapphire. One author tells us that, when he had entered into the low-arching vault, and looked back to where the light streamed through the aperture, it appeared of a cerulean blue, so fine and ethereal that it resembled undulating flames. "I should say," continues the writer, "the very Spirit of Light had descended here, and held her throne upon those waters, veiling her radiancy with its robes of azure."

No description, of course, can do such a scene justice. In its presence all feel that peace should be preserved and that quietness and repose should rule the hour. Too frequently, however, there is a squabble round the narrow rock-arched cave, arising from boys huddling in from their boats, placed before the entrance, who deafen the pilgrim spectator as he enters. Plunging into the water, they push the boat into comparative darkness; but the yells with which they fill the cavern, and the plashing sound of their diving bodies, are soon forgotten in the really extraordinary scene which its interior presents.

"We know not, little one, if there be not angels and messengers of God continually in the air about us to note our thoughts, and, mayhap, with sweet communion to console our sorrows!" The monk paused and turned aside, perchance to mark once more the wide expanse of purple fires which now canopied the mountain—perhaps to hide a tear that trembled a moment in his bright eyes, and then fell gently to the sward beneath his feet.

At this moment a harsh voice broke the quiet of the place, and the gaunt figure of an aged woman appeared, just rounding the rock below, as she ascended toward the highest cell.

"Ah! it is Mama Babette," murmured the young girl, with a perceptible shudder as she heard her name pronounced, and beheld the crone approaching.

"Yes, run-a-way! 'tis Babette!" responded the harsh voice. "I have come to hasten thy prayers, if prayers thou art saying, instead of wandering, as is thy foolish custom, over these rough rocks, fit racing-ground for wild goats rather than for maidens. Where is thy needlework?"

"Nay, good Babette, scold not thy little one!" interposed the monk! "Of a verity I can answer that Angela both said her prayers this even, and that she hath, moreover, very diligently pursued the task which thou didst assign to her. See!" The friar pointed as he spoke to a coil of tapestry lying upon the ground beside the girl. "She hath 'broidered the device most deftly, kind Babette!"

"Ay, ay! but unwillingly enough, I'll warrant," returned the old woman, in her grumbling tones. Nevertheless she lifted the tapestry, and scanned the quaint needle work with an air of satisfaction. Then seizing Angela's hand, she cried—"Haste, haste to the chateau! Antoine Lannois, the archer, is but now arrived, and he says that his master, our noble lord, will be here this night with all his followers from the camp of King Louis."

"To-night!" said the monk, gravely, exhibiting no sign of surprise, though Angela clasped her hands together, and turned very pale—a change that was not unobserved by the crone Babette, who quickly drew her out of the cell-entrance, saying,

"By my coif! I believe thou wouldst rather thy benefactor stayed away, so little satisfaction show est thou at his return."

"Ah—"

The young girl's exclamation was checked by a violent burst of tears, which she essayed in vain to smother, covering her face with her trembling hands.

"How now, foolish one! what is the matter?" cried the old woman, shaking the arm which she clasped. "Art crazed! Good Father Robert, what ails this froward simpleton?"

"Daughter Babette, thou art too hasty with the child! Her nature is a tender one, and should be delicately nurtured."

"In sooth, holy father! she is under my charge—by command of the noble Godfrey de Varens; and there is none shall come between my lord's orders, while I dwell in the castle. For this tasty chit, methinks a barred chamber and black bread were best correctors of her wayward ness; and thus shall I speak to Sir Godfrey, when he comes to his home again."

The monk remained a moment with his dark glance fixed full upon Babette; and it seemed, during his gaze, as if other than holy thoughts were passing through his mind; for the sallow hue of his cheeks was replaced by a deep crimson flush, and it might have been noticed that his fingers were clenched forcibly together, as if under the pressure of strong passion. Yet his voice was still grave and calm, when he next spoke—

"She is but young yet, daughter! and the young are easily moulded for good or evil! Let us remember that we were once children, kind Babette! Now, Angela, good even;" continued the monk, in a whisper, as he bent down and kissed the girl's white forehead. "Remember thou hast one friend who ever watches and prays for thee! Trust in Friar Robert, little one!"

Angela raised her tearful eyes to the serious face of the monk who thus spoke so kindly, and it was evident that she felt relieved by his words; for her brow cleared, and, placing her hand in that of Mama Babette, she murmured,

"Pardon me!—I will try to be obedient and good!"

The crone vouchsafed no smile in answer to the advances of her charge, but hurriedly mumbling a few words to the monk, who lifted his hands in benediction, led or rather forced the child forward, as she hobbled down the mountain path.

Meantime the sun, sinking below the horizon's plane, had left a twilight atmosphere, tinged with the reflection of crimson clouds; and as the crone and Angela disappeared from the high rocks, Friar Robert, turning to gaze downward on the plains, could discern at the extreme verge of vision, what he immediately divined to be the vassals of De Varens, whose return with their lord from the camp of Louis, had been heralded by an archer lately arrived at the chateau.

They were not formidable, it is true, in numbers, comprising but fifty archers and men-at-arms; but, as has before been said, the Gascon noble had been but indifferently successful in amassing profits from booty or pay; and it was with the utmost difficulty that he had contrived, in the last campaign, to present himself at the head-quarters of his sovereign with even so scanty a complement of followers as now marched under his pennon.

The twilight was becoming flecked with shadows, and objects on the plain below were growing less distinct, when the monk, as he peered downward, keeping in sight the returning troop, became aware that another body of horsemen was following in the road taken by De Varens, at a pace which must soon enable it to overtake him. From his commanding position, Friar Robert could perceive that the pursuing party outnumbered by several score at least, the adherents of Sir Godfrey: but he had no time to make further calculations before the two forces came into sudden collision, and by the parting glow of sunset he could note the clash of armed men and steeds, as charges and blows were rapidly made and encountered.

Friar Robert, standing alone upon the cliff, and gazing with straining eyes into the distance, appeared, at this time, to share in all the excitement that might be supposed to pervade the hand-to-hand conflict that he witnessed. His arms were outstretched, his bosom dilated, and his head cast back rigidly upon his neck, appeared as if carved in stone, so motionless were his features and fixed his eyes. A murmur only trembled on his lip, to attest the life within, and shaping itself into prayer, to utter—"Oh, God! I pray Thee, let not Godfrey de Varens fall!"

Scarcely was this adjuration breathed, than the mingled combat on the plain below seemed to assume a new aspect. The melee of raised weapons and swaying forms, gave place to distinct evolutions of the opposing parties, and immediately afterward the two banners which had marked the larger and smaller troop, were seen meeting in the van of both, and quietly heading the combined force.

"There is truce between them!" said the monk, as he shaded his eyes with his fingers; "and they come together to the chateau!"

Friar Robert was right; for in the space of half an hour, a trumpet-blast, echoing through the gorges, announced the arrival of De Varens in the hamlet below. Dusk had now crept over the scene, clothing the mountain in gloom; and as Friar Robert descended from his rocky retreat toward the chateau, he caught glimpses of torches, carried by soldiers up the steep defile, which, flashing their rays upon the figures of steel-clad men, and upon spears and pennons reared aloft, disclosed a cavalcade of some six score men in addition to the followers of De Varens. Friar Robert did not advance from the narrow hill-path, but remained in the shadow of the cliff's base, till the entire force had defiled before him, and he had recognized upon the banner that was borne at the head of the stranger troop, the arms of James d'Armagnac, chief of the Gascon branch of that powerful house, and at this time in open revolt against Louis XI., his feudal suzerain.

The monk remained within the shelter of the mountain-track till he heard the last hoof-beat echoing from the bridge that spanned the castle-moat, at the entrance of the great gate, and afterwards the slow grating of the timbers on their rusty joints as the bridge was drawn upward, and the portcullis allowed to creak heavily down to the ditch's edge. "They are housed for the night," said Father Robert; "and, by the company that my good lord De Varens hath taken to his board, we may well believe that Louis the Eleventh will have one vassal less to count on. 'Tis well! the Almighty shapes best our plans and purposes." As the monk spoke, he was about to retrace his steps to the cells above, when a figure suddenly appeared approaching from the direction of a portion of the castle distant some hundred yards. "Benedicite, my son!" said Friar Robert, advancing, "seek ye me?"

"Of a surety, yes, holy father!" replied the man, whose garb betokened him to be of the archer troop; "our good lord has just despatched me to seek thee! there is one lies wounded mortally—a servant of the Count James d'Armagnac, who is now with Sir Godfrey in the castle, and I am bidden to bring thee with all speed to shrive him ere he dies."

The monk remained a moment without answering, apparently absorbed in reflection, so that the archer exclaimed, impatiently, "Haste, holy father! the poor soldier hath few grains of life's sands to run."

"Lead on, Antoine Lannois! I am with thee!"

A signal from the archer caused the guard within to unclose the narrow postern-door, and Friar Robert, following his conductor, soon found himself in the great court of the castle, where were now assembled some eight score fighting men, accoutred with the various military habiliments then in use, and bearing on their countenances marks of service in the past. Under vaulted recesses, near the square towers which defended different quarters of the fortress, were tethered a hundred horses, for the wants of which their owners were generally busied in providing. Torches were stuck at intervals in the turf, casting a red glare over the area: and the multitude of variously attired figures, the flash of armor and weapons, the neighing and stamping of steeds, and occasionally a burst of laughter, or song, from some of the many groups scattered around, gave a character of animation, if not wildness, to the scene, that had been seldom witnessed of late years within the bounds of the chateau Varens.

As Antoine Lannois entered the court-yard, conducting Father Robert, the sound of noisy mirth subsided in a hurry, and many of the soldiers hastened immediately toward the further corner of the ramparts, where rose a strongly-built tower. At a door opening into this structure, stood a knight of majestic mien, who wore over his breast-plate the white scarf which denoted the house of Armagnac. This was James d'Armagnac, Duke de Nemours, who had that evening encountered Sir Godfrey de Varens on the plains below the castle, and would have annihilated his force, as adherents of Louis, had not Sir Godfrey, after the first onset, suddenly flung forth a white scarf, and shouted aloud that he was no longer a friend of the King of France. On this declaration the conflict terminated, as had been seen by Friar Robert from his mountain lookout, though not before one unhappy follower of the Duke had received a mortal hurt—the same poor wretch whom the monk was now called upon to shrive.

"Haste thee, holy father!" exclaimed the Duke de Nemours, as Friar Robert presented himself. "I fear me the man is fast speeding." He made way as he spoke for the priest, who advanced to the side of the dying soldier. At the same moment, Godfrey de Varens drew near the group.

The monk approached and bent over the man-at-arms, who, writhing with the pain of the spear-thrust which had wounded him, was breathing hard and quick, while his features were frightfully distorted. Friar Robert fixed his bright gaze on the man's face, and perused its lineaments for a moment ere he spoke in a low tone.

"Son! hast thou made thy peace with God!"

"Peace," gasped the soldier, as he opened his eyes and stared wildly around; "who talks of peace? Hah!" he added, recognizing the character of Friar Robert by his garb, "it is a priest—I may yet die forgiven!"

Friar Robert waved his hand solemnly, and the group around obeying the mandate, withdrew to the court without, leaving the monk alone with the dying man.

"It was *here*," muttered the penitent, when he had kissed the cross presented to his lips by the friar, "it was here that I assisted in a great crime—in this castle of Godfrey de Varens, who knows me now but as the follower of the Count D'Armagnac."

"Go on, son!" said the monk.

"It is now well nigh sixteen years since I was a follower of this castle's lord! Woe is me that I obeyed him too faithfully. A young knight had wooed his daughter, the Lady Margaret, and the two were wont to meet at the outer gate of this postern tower. One night, at the behest of our lord, myself and others set upon the knight, and after grievously wounding him, dragged him from his lady, who, I did since learn, was his lawful wife."

The penitent paused, for a spasm of pain had forced a gush of blood to his lips, which the monk, bending over him, wiped tenderly away.

"Go on, my son!" he said.

"With my comrades, we bore the wounded knight to the forest below, and there awaited the orders of Sir Godfrey, who was sick upon his couch. In a few days more those orders came, and we conveyed our captive to the seashore of Marseilles, where, meeting with a Saracen corsair, we sold this Christian knight into bondage, among the Paynims, where I doubt me, he must have died a cruel death. Never since that day hath the world gone well with me, and now I must render myself up to be judged for all my grievous life—and this great crime, the most of all."

"Unhappy man!" said the monk, "your sin was, indeed, woful; nevertheless, the mercy of our God is manifold and sufficient. Do you, indeed, repent with contrite heart for this, and all the errors of your life, my son?"

"May God judge me, as I have long since strives to repent and amend my life!" replied the soldier.

"And do you, in all sincerity and truth, forgive the sins that have been committed against you, my son?"

"May I be forgiven, holy father, even as I forgive all who have injured me!"

"Then, son and brother, rest in hope!" said the monk, in a solemn tone; as he reached the crucifix which hung from his girdle to the lips of the dying man. At the same time, he plucked a torch from the ground into which it was stuck, near the rude couch on which the soldier lay, and bringing it near the man's face, bent down and kissed the penitent's forehead, fixing at the same time his clear eyes upon the sufferer's own dilated orbs. That calm, serious gaze, mildly penetrating, as it were, to the poor man's soul, seemed to possess a fascinating influence, as Friar Robert, after impressing the kiss, drew slowly backward. The soldier clasped his hands together, lifting the cross and the priest's fingers together to his lips: then a light appeared to break over his countenance, a smile flickered upon his mouth, he tried to speak; but in the effort life departed, and he sank back upon the pallet. Friar Robert lifted the cross, and murmured devoutly, "Peace be to the liberated spirit."

James d'Armagnac and Sir Godfrey de Varens heard of the soldier's death, and that he died penitent; and then together sought the castle, wherein a banquet had been prepared for the Duke and the knights who accompanied him. The wassail cup soon drowned all thought of death or strife—and ere the two Gascon relatives separated that night, the bonds of friendship were apparently cemented as strong between them as had been the ties of amity between Charles and Louis at Peronne. No sooner, however, had the lord of the chateau accompanied his noble guest to his bed-chamber, and bidden him a good night's rest, than Antoine Lannois, the archer messenger, was summoned to Sir Godfrey's cabinet.

"Antoine! I have an errand for thee to speed forthwith," said his master. "Take this packet to my lord Chabannes, the Count de Dammartin, who has halted with a thousand men, five leagues from this chateau, as thou well knowest we beheld this day. Say to him, that it is for the King himself; and at the same time say to him, of thine own speech, that Count James d'Armagnac, Duke de Nemours, is a guest in the Chateau de Varens, and invites the Count de Dammartin to visit him here? Wilt remember this, Antoine?"

The archer, a small man whose bead-like, black eyes and hooked nose gave token of his cunning, replied in the affirmative, smiling in a significant manner.

"Be cautious and faithful, Antoine," said his master, in dismissing him with the sealed packet; and in a few moments afterwards the archer had emerged from the postern, and mounted on a fleet steed was clattering down the narrow defile on his way to the camp of Chabannes.

James d'Armagnac rested well that night in the Chateau de Varens; but he would not have reposed so soundly, had he known that the contents of the missive which his host had despatched to King Louis, through his General Chabannes, were in substance as follows:

"My liege. The poor knight, Sir Godfrey de Varens, though conscious of having served his King faithfully at Liege, was not so fortunate as to earn favor thereby; nathless, he forgets not his fidelity to your Majesty, and so sends these humble presents to inform the King that his rebellious vassal James d'Armagnac, Duke de Nemours, is now within the castle of Varens. I have sent to the Count de Dammartin to come with a thousand soldiers to wait upon the Duke; and when the King's signature shall come to me, affixed to the promise of such guerdon as his generosity may deem my poor service worth, the gates of my castle will be opened to the King's troops who come to visit the Duke de Nemours."

Such was the hospitality of the age—and more particularly of those nobles who practiced upon the precepts of Louis XI.

CHAPTER XXIII.

SIR GODFREY'S TREACHERY.

Two years had elapsed since the second capture of Liege after the treaty of Peronne; and Louis had scarcely yet recovered from the ridicule which his blunder in placing himself at the mercy of his rival had caused to be heaped upon him. For months subsequent to his return to his capital, after this unlucky *escapade*, the King had been forced to listen to the jibes and lampoons of the satirical Parisians. Caricatures of his imprisonment in the Burgundian camp were placarded on the walls, and parrots were taught to chatter the word "Peronne" whenever the royal cortege passed. This raillery, as well as the real injuries that he had suffered through the forced treaty, only seemed to embitter the French King against his former friend and associate; and during the interval of peace which followed the subjection of Liege to its suzerain, Louis occupied himself incessantly in preparing new schemes by which ultimately he might effect the ruin of that feudalism that beset him on every side. With this view, he had entered into secret negotiations with the allies of Charles the Rash in France, and with his enemies outside of the kingdom. He even made overtures of reconciliation toward his long estranged brother, Charles de Berri: and the better to wean that Prince from his friendship for Burgundy, placed near his person a creature of his own, the Sieur de Lescun, who, uniting address with artifice, soon managed to become De Berri's confidant. De Lescun speedily worked upon his master, so as to bring him over to the

views of Louis, cause him to break faith with Charles, and enter into a treaty with the King.

"They have played with you, these Burgundians," said the crafty Louis. "Come with me, dear brother, and I will show you what a dance the villains have led you." With these words he presented him with a golden cup, set with jewels, which he declared to have the virtue of arresting the action of poison in any draught that it might contain.

Charles de Berri suffered himself to be persuaded by De Lescun, and confided himself to the guidance of Louis. In like manner the King detached the Duke of Brittany from his alliance with Charles the Rash, by according to him a general pardon for all his subjects who had incurred the vengeance of Louis.

The Duke of Bourbon, another adherent of Burgundy, was bought by the bribe of all the revenues of the salt granaries in his dominions, formerly enjoyed by the crown. At the same time Louis took care to attach his own followers more strongly to his cause, by making his interest their own. He paid the Count de St. Pal, Constable of France, all the arrears of his pensions; gave large grants of lands and castles to Chabannes, his chief general, and to other lords; and thus, before two years had elapsed after the affair at Peronne, nearly every French vassal of note was separated from their great feudal chieftain, Charles of Burgundy, and ranged, if not upon the side of Louis, at least in safe neutrality.

Such was the position of affairs when, in response to secret tampering by the French King, Warwick, "the King-maker" of England, landed an army upon the coast of France, with orders to unite with Louis in ravaging the territories of Burgundy. At this juncture the fortunes of Charles appeared threatening enough; and he looked about him in vain for his powerful allies. Of all those who had followed him in the "*Ligue du bien publique*," no feudal lord now remained upon his side but James d'Armagnac, the Duke de Nemours.

Louis was at the height of self-satisfaction in the complete success of his secret schemes; and was just debating in his palace at Loches, upon the best means of striking a terrible blow at his rival, when a messenger from the Count de Dammartin was ushered to his presence. At his glance fell upon the man, the King's sallow cheek became flushed.

"I have seen thee before, sirrah!" said he, to the messenger. "Thou art the bold knave who would have shattered our Count of Burgundy with thy mace, on the night that Liege was taken."

The messenger bowed in assent, as he presented the missive of General Chabannes.

"What dost thou with Count de Dammartin?" demanded the King, breaking the seal of the parchment.

"I come in the stead of my master, Sir James de Grosset, who was commissioned to deliver the packet, but hath been taken ill upon the road, may it please your highness," replied the man.

"And by what name art *thou* called?"

"They call me Meridat, sire," said the man, humbly; and then, folding his arms, he remained silent whilst the King read his General's letter. When he had concluded, Louis broke out into a laugh, long and loud.

"Charles of Burgundy is no friend of thine, knave?—eh? thou bearest him no love, sirrah?" he said. "Well, man! here is good news for thee, as well as me. My sweet General Chabannes hath tracked the last ally of Charles to a mountain hold, wherein he is trapped; and presently we shall have the crazy Burgundian at our feet, and cage him up, mayhap, like John Balue, in our pleasant Chateau de Loches. But listen, man! canst bear a message back discreetly and with speed?"

The soldier bowed without speaking, and Louis hastily wrote a few words, which he sealed and stamped with his signet-ring. They were addressed to "Godfrey de Varens," and ran as follows:—

"By all means, my dear and most faithful friend, let our Cousin James visit us as soon as possible, under the escort of Count de Dammartin. We desire much to behold him. For yourself, dear Sir Godfrey, the lands of Armagnac are wide, and many fine castles must have other owners than at present. You shall select your own share. LOUIS."

"Let the Count de Dammartin give thee escort to the 'Chateau de Varens,' which is on the Gascon border, in a gorge of the mountains. Deliver this letter to none but the lord of the castle, and when all shall be accomplished, return hither and give me an account. If thou art faithful always, knave, thy King will reward thee! Haste now upon thine errand."

The mace-bearer departed from the presence of the King; and mounting the horse that had brought him to Loches, sped swiftly away toward the camp of Chabannes, which was within a few leagues of the Gascon territory. Arrived at the place where it had been, however, he found that the vigilant Count de Dammartin was already engaged in the investment of the Chateau de Varens, and now occupied with a thousand soldiers the defiles and passes leading to that mountain fortress. Chabannes was too old a soldier, indeed, and too well acquainted with the advantages possessed by the Gascons in defending their districts from invasion, to have hazarded an attempt at storming the castle; but assured as he was that internal treachery was meditated, he sought only to command every avenue of escape, in order that the Duke de Nemours might not, should he discover the plot of his host, cut out his way from the castle, and gain the inaccessible retreats of his warlike family.

But James d'Armagnac trusting implicitly in the good faith of Godfrey de Varens, thought only, upon hearing of the approach of the King's troops, how best he might aid the castle's lord in beating off such foes as threatened him. He busied himself in disposing of his retinue in the most skillful manner for defending both the chateau and hamlet of De Varens, and held himself as bound in knightly honor, to support his new ally, in sortie or in stand, to the last man of his troop and the last drop of his own blood. Godfrey de Varens, on his part, waited with anxiety the return of Antoine Lannois after delivering his message to Chabannes, and with still greater solicitude watched for some messenger who should bring to him tidings from the King.

Meantime several days passed, and it became known that the forces of Count de Dammartin had been strengthened by the arrival of other bands, and now occupied all the lower passes defending the mountains. Several pieces of artillery were comprised in the offensive material directed by the French commander, but these novel arms, cumbrous and unwieldy, could be of little service against a fortress situated so high above the plain as that of De Varens. Neither were the machines for battering that were customarily used in approaching castles or walled towns, to be feared by the chateau's garrison; since the precipitous foundation on which its walls were built, and the narrow causeway ascending to its bastions, precluded all offensive operations other than escalement and assault. De Nemours, with the eye of a soldier, comprehended these advantages possessed by the castle: and as his host assured him that sufficient provision was stored to enable the occupants to withstand a protracted siege, the confiding Armagnac rested quite at his ease, resolved to hold his new ally's castle till the Duke of Burgundy should send him succor. It was in this mood that, after quaffing wine one afternoon with De Varens until both himself and cousin were more than ordinarily fraternal, he departed from the banquet-board to seek air and exercise upon the cliff that frowned above the southern postern gate.

The followers of De Nemours shared with those of his host the duty of guards: and the Count's quick eye noted as he passed, that sentinels had been posted without as well as within the walls, apparently watching all approach from the hamlet below. Arriving at the gorge that conducted to the rock excavations, he paused suddenly, confronted by Friar Robert, who said mildly,

"*Pax vobiscum!*"

"Amen!" responded the Count d'Armagnac, who knew the Latin of his church-service better than that of the schools. "Amen, reverend father! but I fear me those knaves of the plain yonder will be content only with hard blows."

"Son! think you that they will storm this castle?"

"If the fox Chabannes could burrow beneath it, then might we fear the mine more than the catapult," answered the Count. "But I doubt not his false King hath set heart on my capture, and the good Count de Dammartin will stir not away till I be taken or 'scape him outright."

"I am but a poor counsellor," said the friar, when questioned if the Duke de Nemours would 'scape outright, the path lies through yonder hamlet, and—"

"A sortie! 'twould be madness!" interrupted the Duke; "since Chabannes hath stopped every hole in these rocks with arrows or culverins."

"Ay, 'twere madness indeed, to waste life in rash conflict; but yourself alone, in coarse disguise might escape the snare that is spread for you."

"Tut, good father! you counsel a soldier as if he were but a shaveling like yourself. Chabannes may spread his snare, but he will not catch James d'Armagnac while one stone of yonder wall rests on another."

"God grant it be so!" said Friar Robert, solemnly; and then turning from the castle, he was about to ascend the rocky path towards his cell, when De Nemours caught him suddenly by the robe, saying—

"Friar! there is more meaning in what you say than openly appears. Know you aught, reverend father, that D'Armagnac should know?"

Friar Robert placed his fingers on his lips, and glanced at a sentinel who stood observing them from a little distance.

"I know, in sooth, but little, son! nevertheless that little were better spoken in my hermitage above, if the Count d'Armagnac will follow me thither."

"It is, then, true, as De Varens told me, that you have chosen, during three years past, good father, to dwell among these rough rocks rather than within the castle gate?"

"I am as well content," answered Friar Robert; "for the rocks are quite as near to Heaven as the turret-chamber which De Varens would have given me, when at his request three years ago I became the unworthy chaplain of his castle."

The priest spoke these words with humble gesture, and in low tones, but De Nemours fancied that an exulting emphasis was apparent in their delivery. He said no more, however, for Friar Robert had reached the rocky cell, and they came suddenly upon the presence of Angela, who sat with her tapestry beneath the shelter of the lichen that overshadowed the monk's cell.

"It is the maid of the castle!" said James d'Armagnac, "my young beauty, whom De Varens keeps hidden in some enchanted tower! eh, pretty one?" said the noble, offering his hand to the young girl, who blushed deeply, and rose to depart; but Friar Robert said,

"Nay, Angela! thou need'st not run from us! The Duke de Nemours is a guest of our lord De Varens, and—"

"Holy Virgin! it is he, then, that is to be—" she paused, clasping her hands, and looking up to the Count's face with a half terrified glance.

"What, sweet maid? what is it that I am to be?" asked the Count, smiling, as he witnessed the terror of Angela.

"Alas! dear Father Robert, dare I tell the noble gentleman what Mama Babette did say?"

"Thou shalt be thine own guide, daughter," returned the monk.

Angela's clear eyes were lifted in a perplexed manner to the priest, and then became fixed upon the Count's open countenance, while at the same time she appeared to summon sudden determination.

"It is right that I should speak that which Babette said," she observed, calmly—"that Antoine Lannois is gone to the French camp, and that when he returns he will bring the King with him, to slay all the strangers in our castle."

"Hah!" said James d'Armagnac, "the King! and who is Antoine Lannois?"

"He is an archer, and Sir Godfrey's messenger," replied Angela, promptly.

"And this Antoine Lannois is now absent from the castle?" asked the Count.

"But Mama Babette said he would return, with the King, to-night."

"No, child, the King will not come!" said De Nemours, laughing. "The King hath others to send, God wot—knaves enow at the beck of his finger. Well, well, reverend father! count me great debtor for this I have heard! And by St. George! our sweet demoiselle here must not forget that I am beholden to her frank kindness, whatsoever may betide! Let me bestow a slight token upon thee, fair maid, which thou mayst well accept from one who hath buried daughters of twice thy years. This ring I would fain have thee keep, in memory of James d'Armagnac, for it may chance to be of use to thee hereafter." Saying this, the Count took from his finger a broad, gold circlet, graven with the crest of his house, and at the same time reaching out his hand, passed a finger into the loop of a narrow ribbon that was just visible above the maiden's boddice. "Let it be worn as an amulet, near thy heart, sweet maiden," he said, gayly. But at this instant, the movement of his hand had drawn from Angela's bosom the small golden heart which she had sacredly concealed since the day that Pierre Bart had bade her keep it hidden from the world. During those three years, not even Babette, her grim-duenna, had been aware of her secret treasure: and now, as the Count d'Armagnac playfully drew forth the ribbon which spanned her neck, she instinctively strove to prevent it, uttering a sudden cry. But already the quaint ornament was revealed, and lay glittering in the hard palm of the Duke de Nemours.

"Let thy poor ring rest with this pretty token," said the Count: but Friar Robert, abruptly seizing the ribbon which held the golden heart, cried in a husky voice—"no, no; let naught come near to this blessed amulet, but the kiss of devoted worship!" And casting himself upon his knees, the monk pressed the trinket to his lips, while tears gathered in his eyes, and his whole frame shook with emotion.

James d'Armagnac regarded with little astonishment the wild demeanor of Friar Robert, for he presently divined that the monk was doubtless aware of some superior sanctity attaching to the golden heart, which was probably a relic of saint or martyr: but Angela, who had never before beheld her instructor lose the calm gravity which distinguished him, was at a loss to account for his enthusiasm. Friar Robert's passion of devotion was, however, brief as violent; and yielding the ribbon to the maiden, he rose to his feet, and walked a few paces above the cell-entrance, whence could be obtained a view of the causeway ascending from the hamlet; while d'Armagnac, after a few gentle words addressed to Angela, prepared to return to the castle.

"It is surely Antoine Lannois who is now riding hither!" suddenly said the monk; "look, Angela, thine eyes are quick! is it not the archer?"

"Surely, yes, dear father!" answered the maid, as she glanced quickly through the trees that concealed the cliff, and yet permitted inspection of the road beneath. "It is Antoine Lannois—and, look, Father Robert, there is another rider behind him! There be two horsemen!"

"I see, my child, and the second is a stranger, if my eyes deceive not."

"That is Antoine Lannois, then?" muttered James d'Armagnac, as he looked downward from the cleft upon the two horsemen. "It were well if he could be intercepted."

"That, I fear, cannot be," said the monk; "the sentinels without the castle are his comrades."

"Ay, friar! but my Armagnacs are three to one within, and when I came through the postern-gate, a follower of mine did keep the ward. I have but to summon this trusty fellow, and a score besides, and you Lannois will be my prisoner ere he reaches De Varens. If he be a traitor, or if he bring treachery to the castle, and its lord be ignorant withal, I count me that no wrong can be done on any man. What say you, reverend sir?"

"There can no harm come of it, if Antoine be innocent," answered the monk, cautiously: "but it needs that haste be made, or the archer will have gained the castle!"

"It is true," said the Count, as he turned hurriedly from the cell-entrance, and descended the gorge, whilst Friar Robert remained for a moment, apparently regarding the objects below, and then, abruptly approaching Angela, sank on his knees beside her, and clasped her hands within his own.

"My child! Angela, my child!" he murmured, his usual grave serenity of tone seeming quite to have forsaken him, while in its place was broken agitation, "knowest thou, Angela, whence came that golden heart?"

The brilliant eyes of the young girl became at once clouded with tears. "Surely," she sobbed, "it was given to me by the poor lady—alas! the sad lady, who came with our lord De Varens to my father's house, and who—ah, me! dear father! thou knowest her fearful fate!"

"My God! my God!—yes, yes, Angela! I know the terrible tale too well! The lady—thy—she who gave thee the token—ah! it was she who perished miserably beneath those burning rafters, whilst he—De Varens—fled, and was saved."

"And my poor father, Pierre Bart!—alas! it was a woful day!" sobbed Angela, bowing her head upon the priest's arm; "all perished—my dear father, and poor Simon Gütt, and the sad lady, and the kind page who spoke so gently to me—alas! alas! it was a woful day!"

"And *she* gave thee *this*!" exclaimed the monk, drawing the gold heart once more from Angela's boddice and raising it to his lips. His voice sunk to a whisper—"*She* gave thee this, my child?"

"Even so, dear Father Robert—when she awoke from the swoon that I did think was death. The poor lady pressed it in my hand, and I must needs keep it, for so my father, Pierre Bart, bade me, when I last did see him!" Angela's tears gushed forth anew, as the recollection of her happy home at St. Tron returned vividly to her mind.

"Weep not! comfort me!" cried the monk, hurriedly drawing the young girl to his breast, and kissing her passionately. Then, as suddenly releasing his clasp, and resuming his quiet, earnest tone and manner, he wiped Angela's tears from her eyes, and said, "Daughter, it may be that thou shouldst return to the castle, as the shadows are lengthening fast. Come, little one, I will go with thee at once!"

Saying this, Friar Robert took the maiden's hand, and with her descended the path that led to the postern. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE BRAN PIE.—This substitute for a Christmas tree, if not so elegant, yet generally causes more amusement. The presents intended for distribution, should each be wrapped in paper and placed in a plate basket. This must be filled with bran. Each of the company, with a large spoon, dives by turns into the bran and whatever they draw up, is theirs. Often the spoon is found to contain nothing but bran, and the unlucky person loses his turn. Blanks, that is, pieces of wood or cork, wrapped in paper, like the presents may be placed in the pie, and produce great laughter.

THE CAPTURE OF WALKER.

The Aspinwall correspondent of the New York Times, writing under date of the 19th ultimo, gives the following account of the capture of Walker and his party:—

The Wabash arrived off Greytown on the 6th. On the next day Commodore Paulding hoisted his flag on the Fulton, and immediately set about his preparations to capture Walker and his men, whom he found encamped on Punta Arenas. It appears that the Commodore had received by the Fashion, before he sailed from Aspinwall, which was on the afternoon of the 3rd, a letter from Walker, in which the writer styled himself "President of Nicaragua, and Commander-in-Chief of the Army of Nicaragua." This letter complained bitterly against Captain Chatard and his officers, for presuming to question his rights as sovereign of the country, &c., and, among other things, asseverated that, when he threatened Lieutenant Cilley, of the Saratoga, that he would shoot him, if he came near his head-quarters, the Lieutenant was without his uniform, and, consequently, he had no right to claim that he was a United States naval officer. In this letter, Walker avowed his intention of asserting his right as President of Nicaragua, by force of arms, if necessary.

On the 18th, Commodore Paulding sent, through Captain Engle, of the Wabash, his reply. The Commodore bluntly disputed all his facts and premises; telling him that his expedition was an illegal and wicked one, and that he had come there to break it up. As regarded his threat to Lieutenant Cilley, he could only say that he had the Lieutenant's authority for saying that he was in uniform, and it concerned Gen. Walker to know that any violence used by him towards an officer of the squadron would result in an act of retributive justice toward the offender.

The despatch concluded by commanding Gen. Walker to lay down his arms, and surrender himself and his men to the United States naval forces.

Commodore Paulding had previously blockaded the mouth of the river San Juan, so that there was no chance for the escape of the filibusters.

On the 9th the broadside of the Saratoga was brought to bear on General Walker's camp.—Captain Engle had the day before received his written orders as to the arming and disposition of the launches. He was directed to land, when he should be at a convenient distance from the shore, with small arms, and immediately to present the letter and summons above referred to. In case of resistance, he was directed to seize the principal officers first, using only just so much force as was necessary to accomplish his purpose.

Everything being ready, 100 marines from the Wabash, and 250 sailors from the Wabash and Saratoga, jumped into the launches, a tremendous sea making the feat very difficult of accomplishment, yet the utmost regularity and the most perfect discipline were observed throughout. The scene, with the many boats dancing on the waves, full of armed men; the launches, with their twelve-pound howitzers; the three war-ships of the United States, and the British line-of-battle-ship Brunswick in the harbor, was magnificent.

The landing was effected without the slightest accident. There was no appearance of any contemplated resistance on the part of Walker.—When Captain Engle stepped forward, and presented his demand for the surrender, Gen. W. replied at once:—"Captain Engle, *I am under your orders*,"

Some 70 men were immediately embarked on the Fulton and Saratoga—Walker on the former vessel. Some 20 or 30 more slid away into the bushes. Captain Engle at once placed a marine guard over the stores and munitions of war, and then sent out men to hunt up and bring in the missing filibusters. Notwithstanding the care used to secure the arms and stores, the straggling filibusters got a considerable quantity of them into the bush, and hid or buried them.—Among the plunder of the camp, a few barrels or kegs of whiskey had not been forgotten.—"Jack" could find all sorts of things in the bush, but, strange to say, he always reported, "no whiskey." It was very amusing, however, to see "Jack" driving in his prisoners. Every little while a sailor might be observed emerging from the thicket, pompously, with cutlass and pistol in hand, driving before him a filibuster, both as drunk as Julius Cæsar, from the influence of the whiskey that "Jack" could not find.

Just as Walker hauled down his flag, the river steamer Charles Morgan hove in sight. She was immediately taken possession of by Commodore Paulding. She was under command of one of Walker's officers, who went up the Colorado with Colonel Anderson, and had on board about forty men, women and children, found in Fort Castillo at the time of its capture a day or two before by Anderson. She also had on board two deserters from Anderson's force, one of whom was under sentence of death, and would undoubtedly have been shot had Walker not been compelled to surrender.

COM. PAULDING'S INSTRUCTIONS.

A copy of the following circular—the same sent to the District Attorneys and Marshals—was transmitted to him:

Sir:—From information received at this department, there is reason to believe that lawless persons are now engaged within the limits of the United States in setting on foot and preparing the means for military expeditions, to be carried on against the territories of Mexico, Nicaragua and Costa Rica—Republics with whom the United States are at peace—in violation of the sixth section of the act of Congress approved 20th April, 1818. And under the eighth section of the said act it is made lawful for the President, or such persons as he shall empower, "to employ the land and naval forces of the United States, and the militia thereof, for the purpose of preventing the carrying on of any such expedition or enterprise from the territories or jurisdiction of the United States." I am, therefore, directed by the President to call your attention to the subject, and to urge you to use all due diligence, and to avail yourself of all legitimate means at your command to enforce these and all other provisions of the said act of 20th of April, 1818, against those who may be found to be engaged in setting on foot or preparing military expeditions against the territories of Mexico, Costa Rica and Nicaragua, so manifestly prejudicial to the national character, and so injurious to the national interest. And you are also, hereby instructed promptly to communicate to this Department the earliest information you may receive relative to such expeditions.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,

[Signed] LEWIS CASS.

The Commodore was directed to consider these instructions as addressed to himself, and to act accordingly.

Additional instructions, of the same tenor, but more in detail, were sent by the steamer of the 21st ult., but these, of course, he could not have received.

THE MILITARY ROAD TO CALIFORNIA.—The War Department has received advices to the 18th of October from Lieut. Beale, in charge of the military road from Fort Defiance to the Colorado river, in which he announces his arrival in California. The expedition has met with the most complete success, and a fine wagon road from New Mexico to California has been established.

An important part of the operations has been effected by the camels, which were subjected to trials that no other animals could possibly have endured, yet Lieut. B. terminated his labors, not only without the loss of a single camel, but they are admitted by those who saw them in Texas, to be in as good condition as when they left San Antonio.

PATRICK SLAVIN, who was recently hung at St. John, N. B., for the murder of the McKenzie family, confessed that, after the older members of that family had been butchered, a little girl, about three years old, innocently held up her doll and offered it to him if he would not kill her. The little innocent's offer was refused, and the inhuman monster murdered her! Such an incarnate demon was unfit to taint the atmosphere.

A NEW DISCOVERY.

From the London Times.

Mr. Bogge, a gentleman whose name has long held honorable place among our electricians, has divined a plan by which even the electric current may be quickened and the speed of the electric telegraph stimulated a thousand fold.

A series of gutta percha bands, about six inches wide and a quarter of an inch thick, are coiled on wheels on drums arranged for the purpose. These bands are studded down both sides with a single row of holes at short intervals apart. When a message is to be sent the clerks wind off these bands, inserting in the holes small brass pins, which, according to their combinations in twos or threes (with blank holes between), represent certain words or letters. In this manner the message is, as it were "set up" in the bands with great rapidity, and if the number of bands employed is sufficiently large—say as numerous as the compositors employed in a large printing office—messages equal in length to five or six columns of this journal could be set up and ready for transmission in the course of a single hour.

Of course this operation in no respect interferes with the telegraph wire itself, which continues free for use until the bands of messages are actually being despatched. The gutta percha bands when full are removed to the instrument room, a most simple appliance preventing any derangement or falling out of the pins while being moved about. In the instrument room the bands are connected with ordinary steam machinery, by which they are drawn in regular order with the utmost rapidity between the charged poles of an electrical machine in such a manner that, during the moment of each pin's passing, it forms electrical communication between the instrument and the telegraph, and a signal is transmitted to the other end of the wire, where the spark perforates a paper and records the message. The only limit to the rapidity of the operation is the rate at which the bands can be drawn, since the electrical contact of each pin, even for the 200th part of a second is more than sufficient to transmit a word or signal from London and registered in America. Of course, as the message is recorded, we will say in America, with the same rapidity as that in which it is transmitted in London, a number of reading clerks will be requisite in order to translate it, by dividing it into small portions, with almost as much facility as it has been sent.

The value and importance of this invention, not only to the public, but to telegraph companies themselves, must be evident to the least experienced in such matters: in fact, without it, long submarine lines would be all but impracticable, from the slowness of the process, and consequently from the expense attendant upon transmitting the briefest message. It is now tolerably well known that, had the attempt to submerge the Atlantic cable been successful last summer, one submarine wire would not at the most have sufficed for the transmission of more than a small number of messages per diem each way, and that, in fact, all that it could have transmitted would not have met one-twentieth of the demand from either country. So clearly was this foreseen, that even before one cable was laid it was contemplated to submerge a second cable, one for messages to England, and the other for messages to America.

By the new patent for steam telegraphing which we have mentioned, worked with an efficient staff, it would be perfectly easy for one wire to transact all the business between England and America. With proper arrangements an hour would suffice to transmit intelligence equal in number of words to the contents of twelve columns of the Times. It is no exaggeration, therefore, to say that the most important news in each country, with a price list extensive enough to include every staple of trade, might be exchanged in time for the commencement of business in the capitals of the Old and New World.

SUGAR CANE.—*New Plan of Extracting the Juice.*—H. C. Bulkley, of Kalamazoo, Mich., has made a successful experiment upon a new plan of extracting Chinese cane juice, and recommends it to others, as it saves the cost of a crushing mill, and enables parties provided with ordinary farm implements to make a full supply of syrup for family use, at a very little expense. The plan is to cut the canes in a straw-cutting machine, and then steam them until quite soft, and press out the juice in a common cider press, and then proceed with the evaporation as with maple sap. Boiling the cane will answer where no conveniences for steaming exist, though steam is preferable, and an ingenious man can make a steamer out of a cask, an old gun barrel, and a common kettle with a wooden lid cemented tight with clay and cow dung mixed into a paste. But, after all, if the steaming process should prove more economical than grinding the green stalks, it will be found preferable to erect works designed for the purpose especially. Mr. Bulkley says that he found the stalks dry enough to burn, in a small cider-press, while they were hot, and made twenty-five gallons of good syrup, by the work of two men and a boy, in two half days.

A CLERGYMAN ON FIRE IN THE PULPIT.—Among the decorations of St. James (Episcopal) Church at Greenfield, on Christmas Eve, was a large and beautiful "Star in the East," set some forty feet above the pulpit, and lighted by a fluid lamp. In the midst of Rev. Mr. Flint's sermon the star took fire, the evergreens blazing up in a very startling manner. Seeing that the star could not be immediately reached, and unwilling to lose his congregation, Mr. Flint continued his discourse, when suddenly the burning mass gave way and fell upon the reverend gentleman, the fluid lamp striking him on the back, and scattering the blazing fluid in all directions. Fortunately the fire was extinguished before it had done any damage, and Mr. Flint was unhurt. His escape is remarkable.—*Springfield Republican, December 28th.*

LOLA MONTES.—Lola Montes is about to be married to Prince Louis Sulkowsky, Prince of Bellitz, Count of Reisson, Count of Schonni, Count of Kobelin and Count of Lesan, now residing in Lewis County in this State.—*All the papers.*

The Prince Sulkowsky writes to a friend in this city denying this foolish and malicious report. He is living upon his farm on the Black River, near Lowville, with his accomplished wife and interesting little family, husbanding his ample fortune, and occasionally enjoying the pleasures of the chase; but with no disposition to hunt or husband the lady with whom the papers have so ignorantly associated his honored name.—*Albany Atlas and Argus.*

COM. PAULDING.—Hiram Paulding's father was that celebrated John Paulding, the Peekskill farmer, who was one of the three captors of Major Andre. Hiram was born in Westchester county, and early in life entered the Navy, where he has gradually worked his way up through the grades of Midshipman, Lieutenant, Commander, and Captain. He has ever been one of the most efficient and valued officers in the service; and Government a short time since showed its appreciation of the fact, by appointing him to the command of the Home Squadron, which he now holds.—*Albany Evening Journal.*

ARRIVAL OF GEN. WALKER'S MEN.—The U. S. Sloop-of-war Saratoga came up on Jan. 2nd, at Norfolk, to the naval anchorage, having on board the portion of Gen. Walker's men captured by the Wabash. The disposition to be made of them is not yet known.

☞ Foote dined at the Castle, at Salt-hill; when Partridge produced the bill, Foote thought it very exorbitant, and asked him his name. "Partridge," replied the host. "Partridge? It should be wood-cock, by the length of your bill."

☞ Always suspect a man who affects great softness of manner, an unruffled evenness of temper, and an enunciation studied and deliberate. These things are all unnatural, and bespeak a discipline into which he that has no purpose of craft or design to answer cannot submit to drill himself.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS

BREADSTUFFS—We have to notice a continuance of the dullness which has characterized the Flour market for a month past. The receipts are small, and the stock (40,000 bbls) much less than at this time for many years past, but the demand has been quite limited, and for the common grades of extra, prices are again a shade lower. The sales for export comprise 5000 bbls at $4,75@5 ₱ bbl for standard and good brands, and $5@5.25 for extra, including 300 bbls Kentucky extra at $5.75, and 200 half bbls on private terms. There has been a steady inquiry for home use within the range of $5@5.50 for superfine and extra, and $5,75@6 25 for extra family and fancy lots. Rye Flour has been very dull and sells only in a small way at $4. The market is nearly bare of Meal, and holders are firm at $3 ₱ bbl for Penna. 500 bbls Brandywine sold on private terms.

GRAIN—The receipts of Wheat have been very small, and the arrivals are of inferior quality. Prime is scarce and has advanced 1@2c ₱ bushel. Sales of 20,000 bush at $1@1,13 for inferior and prime red, and $1.05@1,20 for white—mostly in store, including 500 bush choice Tennessee red at $1,18; and 1000 do Kentucky white at $1,20. Rye comes in slowly, and is taken on arrival for distilling at 70c. Corn has been in limited request, and prices are rather lower. Sales of 15,000 bush new yellow at 50@55c; some white at 53c, and old at 68c. Oats are dull and lower. Sales of 6000 bush at 33c ₱ bush for Delaware, and 34@35c for Penna. 3700 bush New York Barley sold at 84c, and 900 bush Barley Malt at 98c.

PROVISIONS—The market has been dull, and prices have generally favored buyers. The receipts of Pork have been small, but there has been very little demand for it, and the sales have only been in small lots at $16 ₱ bbl. for Mess, and $15, cash, for Prime, at which figures it is very freely offered. City Packed Mess Beef is only inquired after for ship's stores at $12, cash. A lot of Beef Rounds sold at $19.50. Bacon—The market is nearly bare of Sides and Shoulders, and of Hams the stock is extremely light. There is, however, very little demand, and the only sales reported are small lots of the latter at 11@13½c for plain and fancy canvassed, cash and 60 days. Of Bulk Meats there is rather less offering, but the demand is limited. Sales of 90 casks; Hams at 8½@9½ cents, as in quality, and Shoulders at 6½ cents. 60 days. There are no Sides here. They are worth 7½@8c. Lard is dull, the demand being of a very trivial character. Small sales of bbls at 10@10½c, and kegs 11@11½c ₱ lb, 60 days. A lot of Country sold at 9 cents. Butter ranges from 11 to 14 cents ₱ lb for solid and 16 to 22 cents for roll.

BARK—There is little Quercitron Bark coming forward, and the stock is light. Holders are firm at $26 ₱ ton for No 1.

BEESWAX—But little offering. Small sales of good Yellow at 28c ₱ lb, cash.

CANDLES—The demand has been limited, but prices are unchanged. Sales of 1500 boxes Adamantine at 19@20c ₱ lb, 6 mos, and small lots of Sperm at 42c.

COAL—Trade continues very dull. There is no new feature to present in the market, the receipts and shipments being limited and prices continue as last quoted. The receipts by Canal have about ceased, but by railroad they are ample for the demand. No Bituminous Coal is offering.

COFFEE—The market continues firm, but there is very little demand. Sales of 300 bags Rio at 9¾@10¼c ₱ lb, on time. There has been an arrival of 2000 bags Rio and a small invoice of St. Domingo. By auction, 1500 bags of the former, sold by Messrs Dutilh, Cook & Co, at 9¾@11¾c ₱ lb, on time.

COPPER—The late foreign advices were unfavorable for this article, and 28c is the nominal asking rate for English Sheathing. Yellow Metal is steady at 22c 6 mos.

COTTON—Has been exceedingly dull, and prices, notwithstanding the light receipts and stocks, continue to rule very irregularly. Sales of 150 bales at 11@12c ₱ lb, cash and on time, and some reported at 6c.

DRUGS AND DYES—Trade is dull. Among the sales were some Bleaching Powders at 4¼c; an invoice of Crude Brimstone on terms kept secret; some Soda Ash at 2¾@3¼c, 6 months, and Alum in lots at $2,1½.

FEATHERS—There are but few offering. Small sales of good Western at 53@55c ₱ lb, on time.

FISH—There has been very little demand for Mackerel, and prices continue to favor buyers. Small sales, from store, at $10,50@10.75 ₱ bbl for No. 1's; $9,50@9.75 for No 2's, and $8 for No. 3's. The stock of Pickled Herring is large, and they are very dull. Sales at $3.50. The sales of Codfish are only in small lots at $3,25@3,50 ₱ 100 lbs.

FRUIT—There has been less doing. There has been a steady demand for Raisins; 1000 pkgs sold at $1,25@1,30 ₱ box, and half and quarter boxes at proportionate rates. The market is rather poorly supplied with Dried Fruit, and it is in steady demand. Sales of Dried Apples at 6½@7½c, and peaches at 9@12c ₱ lb for unpared halves. Green Apples are selling from $2 to $4,50 ₱ bbl, as in quality. Cranberries command $7@9 ₱ bbl.

GINSENG—Comes forward slowly, and meets a steady demand at 46@50c ₱ lb, cash, for Crude, and 68@70c for Clarified. A lot of the former sold on terms kept secret.

GUANO—The sales have been only in a small way at former quotations.

HEMP—There is very little stock here, and no sales have come under our notice.

HIDES—Continue dull, and there is nothing doing.

HOPS—The demand has been quite limited, and the sales only in small lots at 9@13c ₱ lb, for first sort Eastern and Western.

INDIGO—Is held with much firmness, but there is nothing doing.

IRON—There has been very little doing in Pig Metal, and prices are about nominal. A small lot of No 2 sold at about $19,50, cash, and good No. 2 on terms kept private. In Scotch Pig and Blooms nothing doing. Bar and Boiler Iron sell slowly at our former quotations.

LEAD—Is very dull. The stock of Pig Lead is light, but there is little or no demand, and no sales have come under our notice.

LEATHER—The demand continues quite limited for both Spanish Sole and Slaughter, but prices are unchanged.

LUMBER—There is nothing doing, and quotations at present are entirely nominal for all descriptions.

MOLASSES—The market has been extremely quiet and the only sales reported are 300 barrels new crop New Orleans at 37½c, on time, and some Sugar House within the range of our former quotations. 50s barrel New York Syrup sold by Auction at 35c, cash.

NAVAL STORES—But little doing. Sales of Rosin, No 2 at $2@2.25, and Fine at $3 ₱ bbl. cash. In Tar and Pitch nothing doing. Spirits of Turpentine has been in limited demand, and prices are lower. Sales of 100 bbls in lots at 42@43c, cash and 90 days.

OILS—There is rather more firmness in Linseed Oil, but the demand has been limited. Small sales of 53@55c, cash. Lard Oil is scarce, but the supply is about equal to the demand. Small sales of No 1 Winter at 85c@$1, 60 days. For Fish Oils there is a limited store demand, without change in price. A small sale of Olive Oil at $1,10, six months. Nothing doing in Red Oil.

PLASTER—There is very little offering. The last sale of Soft was at $3 ₱ ton.

RICE—The demand has been limited, but the stock is small, and prices remain without change. Small sales at $3,50@3,75, cash and 60 days.

SALT—There have been no arrivals or sales since our last notice.

SEEDS—There has been a steady demand for Clover-seed, but supplies come forward slowly. Sales of 200 bushels prime at 35@5.12½ ₱ 64 lbs; 30 tons, from second hands, at 8½c, and 150 bags to go South on terms not made public. Timothy ranges from $2,50 to $3. No sales of Flaxseed.

SPICES—The sales have been unimportant.

SPIRITS—The demand for Brandy and Gin has somewhat fallen off, but prices are unchanged. New England Rum sells at 37@40 cents. Whiskey meets a limited inquiry. Sales of barrels at 22@23c; bbds at 21½@22c, and Drudge at 21@21½c.

SUGAR—The stock is gradually becoming reduced. The market is firm, but there is very little inquiry. Small sales of Cuba at 6¾@7c ₱ lb, on time.

TALLOW—Is firmly held; sales of City Rendered at 10½c, and Country at 9½c ₱ lb, cash.

TEAS—Are but little inquired after, and the sales have been limited.

TOBACCO—There is some little inquiry for Manufactured for the trade, but Leaf is neglected.

WINES—No change and no sales worthy of notice.

WOOL—The market continues extremely quiet, but holders are firm in their demands.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

Jan 2—BREADSTUFFS—Flour is quiet, with sales of 6500 bbls; Chicago Spring Wheat 90. Corn has declined, with sales of 10,000 bush.

COTTON—The sales are 600 bales on a basis of 8½ cts for middling Uplands, and 9¼@9½c for do fair.

COFFEE—The market is very dull, and prices are nominally supported, the sales are 100 bags Maracaibo at 11½c.

SUGARS—Are quiet but steady. We hear of sales of 120 hhds New Orleans at 6½@7¾c, 4 months; 100 hds Melado at 4½c, and 100 hhds Cuba at 6¾@6¾c; refined are unchanged.

MOLASSES—We have not heard of any sale of importance in foreign kinds: New Orleans has sold to the extent of 500 bbls, and has arrived more freely; about 3000 bbls are afloat, a portion of which was sold before arrival.

WHISKEY—Is heavy; 100 bbls sold at 22c.

☞ A man had rather have a hundred lies told of him, than one truth which he does not wish should be told.

☞ There is a legend which asserts that Lord Brougham once worked six continuous days, i. e., 144 hours, without sleep, that after rushed down to his country lodgings, slept all Saturday night, all Sunday, all Sunday night, and was waked by his valet on Monday morning to resume the responsibility of life and commence the work of the next week.

☞ Some public-house patriot was reciting the old national boast that "an Englishman's house is his castle." "I am not superstitious about that," said a critic of the Westminster Review, "but I am sure that an '*Englishwoman's Dress is her Castle*,' for it is such an enormous size now, that it is morally and physically impossible for any one, friend or enemy, to come near to her!"

NEWS ITEMS.

THE taxation of *New York City* for 1858 will reach $8,250,000, or *one hundred dollars for every voter*, according to the number of votes for Mayor. A national tax of like proportion would bring out of the pockets of the people of this country $300,000,000. The National Government, extravagant as it is with armies and navies, costs, in proportion, less than one-quarter of the local government of that city.

THE FRENCH BAR.—In describing the ceremonies at the reopening, after a vacation, of the two highest Courts in France, the Paris correspondent of the Journal of Commerce remarks: "On these occasions the opinion revives in my mind, that the French bar is the best educated in the world, and that the law is nowhere better administered with reference to capacity, probity, independence, assiduity, and dignity in the bench."

EDWIN BOOTH, the young tragedian, is about to erect a monument over his father's remains, at Baltimore. He has selected Mr. Carew, of Boston, as the builder; and a portion of the monument is to be of New England granite.

HEAVY DAMAGES IN A BREACH OF PROMISE CASE IN PROVIDENCE.—The case of Ellen Attsborough vs. Daniel Smith, for an alleged breach of promise of marriage, the trial of which was commenced on Thursday was concluded on Saturday. The jury returned a verdict for the plaintiff, and assessed damages in the sum of $3,000. The defendant, however, is said to be fully unable to pay so large a sum.

FLOUR FROM THE WEST.—During the month of November, 50,000 barrels of flour, forwarded per the Grand Trunk Railway from the West, crossed the St. Lawrence at Montreal, and went into Maine. About 25,000 barrels of this came to Boston. Flour is now selling in Chicago for $3,50 to $4 per barrel, and, according to the plan which was agitated a few weeks ago in the discussions of the Boston Board of Trade, large quantities are coming forward to the wholesale dry goods merchants of Boston and other eastern cities, from those western creditors who have nothing but the produce of the country wherewith to meet their liabilities.—*Boston Journal.*

THE TYPHEE CANNIBALS.—The British war sloop Vixen arrived at Honolulu on the 21st of October from Nukahiva. She reports that the French authorities at the Marquesas had had some difficulty with the natives in the celebrated valley of Typee, where the cannibals desired to sacrifice a woman on the occasion of some of their heathen orgies, but the French Governor interfering, saved the woman, not, however, without a show of resistance on the part of the natives, which resulted in several of them being shot before quiet was restored.

A FEW days ago a child named Tomlinson, of Green Lane, Sulcoats, N. Y., died after a lingering illness. In May last the child passed a full grown mouse, minus its head. The mouse had run down the child's throat while playing in a field. After that time the child continued ailing until its death, the immediate cause of which was supposed to have been diarrhœa.

A DELUGE OF RAIN.—Our exchanges in Tennessee, Alabama and upper Georgia, come to us with accounts of the extent of the heavy and long continued rains, damages, &c., that occurred some weeks ago. The Tuscaloosa (Ala.) Observer says the loss of property by the freshet in the Warrior is very great, estimated at from $150,000 to $200,000.

THERE are said to be thirty-five companies of U. S. troops in Kansas.

THE New Orleans Picayune says that some new and unexpected evidence has been adduced by that indomitable little woman, Mrs. Myra Clark Gaines, in her famous case. She brings forward various witnesses, engravers, writing masters and other experts, to show that the signature of her father, Daniel Clark, affixed to various documents, is a forgery. An interesting point in this connection is the testimony to the effect that these signatures were executed with a steel pen, whereas it is well known that, at the time of their date, 1798, steel pens were not then in use.

THE value of buildings constructed in Chicago during the past year is $4,000,000, which is a trifling increase over the previous year.

THE other day, as Chang and Eng, the Siamese twins, were going to Charleston, the conductor of the cars made a fuss because they did not each have a ticket. The gentleman who had charge of them said that they had always been carried on the ticket of a single passenger. The conductor replied that they were two persons, and occupied two seats; they must therefore pay two passages. "Very well," said the gentleman, "I will give the ticket to Chang, and you can put Eng off the cars." This brought the conductor to his senses, and he "knocked under."

IN Alabama, on the inauguration of the Governor, an oath is administered that he will abstain from duelling during his term of office.

THE editors of Kentucky met in convention at Frankfort, on the 16th inst., and agreed to adopt the cash system after the 1st of July next. Every newspaper proprietor in the United States should do the same thing.

AN Indiana farmer, named Thomas Long, was garroted in Cincinnati a few nights since and robbed of $500 in money, and between three and four thousand in notes. He offered a reward of $500 for the scoundrels, and the Buckeye police soon picked them up and placed them in jail for trial. Nothing like a good wholesome reward to open the eyes of blind policemen.

A VERY deplorable affair occurred in Clark county, Ind., recently. A Miss Prather was married to a cousin at her father's residence. Some of the young men, acquaintances of the bride and bridegroom, came to the house for the purpose of charivaring the parties. The father of the parties asked them to desist, and they complied with the request. But shortly after they returned, and the bride being on horseback, for the purpose of going to the home of the bridegroom, the animal became frightened, threw the bride off, and she had her neck broken, causing instant death.

A MAN, named Smith, who was recently convicted by the Circuit Court of Lexington, Miss., of whipping a negro woman to death, was sentenced therefor to thirty years' imprisonment at hard labor in the Penitentiary.

SOUTH CAROLINA papers say, that "the squirrels of that State are rapidly emigrating to other parts."

AT a meeting held in Mobile, Ala., on the evening of the 13th instant, in favor of filibusterism, one of the speakers, Major Howard, of Georgia, called upon his hearers to supply Walker with "a war steamer large enough to punish the impertinences to which he had been subjected by American officers," and offered a thousand dollars for his share of the expenses.

THE CORN ROTTING AT THE WEST.—The Missouri Democrat has news from Ohio, Indiana and Kentucky, that the corn is rotting to a disastrous extent, both that which is on the stalks and in the cribs. The Evansville (Ind.) Journal say that the injury to the corn by the early frosts of November, and the subsequent rains, has been very serious throughout all the midland and northern counties of the State. On the upper Wabash the damage extends to a large part of the crop. The injured crop serves to feed stock, and to increase the quantity of beef and pork that will be thrown upon the market. The price of corn will be affected by the disaster, and the value of wheat and flour will be raised in the regions where the corn has been rendered unfit for food.

THE Reading (Pa.) Adler, a German newspaper, completed its sixty-first year on Tuesday week.

THE forces of the Mormons are estimated to amount to about five thousand men.

THE coinage of the mints of the United States up to June 30, 1857, amounted to upwards of $585,000,000, of which $402,000,000 has been received since 1849 from the gold mines of the United States. The "world's supply of the precious metals has been increased" since the latter period "to the extent of twelve hundred and forty millions of dollars," ($1,240,000,000.)

PARK BENJAMIN has sued the Mercantile Library Association at Cincinnati for breach of a lecture contract.

EX-GOVERNOR Matteson, of Illinois, says the Chicago Democrat, intends to be a candidate for the United States Senatorship, in opposition to

THE Janesville (Wisconsin) Independent announces the arrival in that place of Mr. Tracy and his party of young women, and their disposal. A charge of ten dollars was made for each person, the money to be paid by the employer, and to be deducted from the future earnings of the young women. The Free Church was thrown open; the young women occupying the seats in rows, some of them crying. Customers then walked along the range with perfect coolness, examining their condition one by one, and, as they found one suitable, they plunked the cash and carried off the prize.

AN ENGLISH DECISION.—The question which agitated the newspapers some few years ago: "Can a man marry a deceased wife's sister?" has been recently decided in one of the English courts in the case of Brooks vs. Brooks. Mr. Justice Creswell gave judgment in this case December 4th. He was of the opinion that the marriage was void, and that the issue of that marriage was illegitimate. The learned judge went over, in an elaborate manner, the ground of his decision.

A PISTOL match has been arranged at Louisville, Kentucky, between John Travis and Jas. W. Wales both celebrated pistol shots. The terms of the match are agreed upon, and the money bet—$1,000—is put up. Wales bets Travis that he can split five balls out of ten on a knife, at a distance of thirty yards, to wheel and fire at the words one, two, three. Travis is to split one more ball than Wales. The whole number of shots are to be twenty. The match was to come off on January 2nd.

THE selectmen of Bridgeport, Conn., when application is made for relief from the town by a man, set him to work in a quarry at fifty cents per day.

THE "LEVIATHAN."—The London Times says $250,000 have been expended in the effort to launch the Leviathan steamship, and nobody knows how much more it will cost.

SPICY CORRESPONDENCE.—We are assured by a friend, says the Boston Post, who is personally cognizant of what he states, that the following piquant correspondence is genuine. A gentleman, whose business calls him a good deal from home, is accustomed to give the custody of his correspondence to his wife, an intelligent lady, who, in obedience to instructions, opens all letters that come in her husband's absence; answers such of them as she can, like a confidential clerk, and forwards the rest to her liege lord, at such places as he may have designated at his departure. During a recent absence of her husband the lady received a letter, of which the following (omitting names, dates and places) is a true copy:—

My Dear Sir—I saw a fine picture of you yesterday, and fell in love with it, as I did with the original in W——— last winter, when I saw you more than an hour, though I suppose you did not see me among so many. I fear you will think me forward in thus addressing you; but I trust you are as noble and unsuspecting as you are handsome and brilliant. Perhaps you would like to know something about me—your ardent admirer! Well, I am not very good at description, but I will say I am not married—(though you are, I am told.) My friends tell me I have not a pretty face, but only a good figure. I am rather *petite*, have black eyes, black hair, and a dark complexion—that is, I am what is called a "brunette." I am stopping for a few weeks with my brother-in-law and sister in this town, and I dearly wish you would meet me there before I return to W———. At any rate do not fail to write me at least a few words, to tell me whether I shall ever see you again, and know you more intimately. Forgive my boldness, and believe me, Your friend, ———.

To this letter, the wife, who, by the bye, had not the least knowledge of the person to whom she was writing, made the following answer:—

Mademoiselle—Your letter of the —inst., addressed to Mr. ———, was duly received. Mr. ———, who is my husband, directed me, when he left home, some days ago, to open all his letters, and to answer any of them that I conveniently could. As you seem to be rather impatient, I will answer your letter myself. I do not think your description of yourself will please Mr. ———. I happen to know that he dislikes black eyes, and hates brunettes most decidedly. It is quite true (as you seem to suppose) that he judges of women as he does of horses; but I do not think your inventory of your "points" is complete enough to be satisfactory to him. You omit to mention your height, weight, wind, speed, and (here the word is illegible.) Taking your charms at your own estimate, I doubt whether they will prove sufficiently attractive to draw him so far as B——— merely for the satisfaction of comparing them with the schedule. You say you trust my husband is "unsuspecting." I think that is his nature, but yet he is used to drawing inferences, which are sometimes as unkind as suspicions. You say you are unmarried. My advice to you is that you marry somebody as soon as possible. In most cases, I would not recommend haste; but in yours, I am convinced there is truth in the proverb which speaks of the danger of delay. Should you be so fortunate as to get a husband (which may God mercifully grant!) my opinion is, that you will consider any woman, who should write him such a letter as this of yours, impertinent, and, perhaps, immodest.

I will deliver your note to Mr. ——— when he returns, and also a copy of my reply, which I am sure he will approve. I am, with as much respect as you permit, MRS. ———.

This was the end of the correspondence. *Moral*—Young ladies who write affectionate letters to married men, should be careful that the precious missives do not fall into the hands of their spouses; or the amorous writers may chance to get "more cuffs than kisses."

WHO WERE THE BRIBED?—The Investigating Committee of the Middlesex Mills, reported recently at Boston as follows:—That Lawrence, Stone & Co. *paid $67,000 to secure the passage of the tariff bill of 1857, of which amount $8,000 was disbursed by the New York house for printing, editorial service, etc.*, but no satisfactory explanation has yet been offered of the application of the balance. In reviewing the financial history of the company it is evident that a breach of trust has been committed by the treasurer and financial agents, in diverting the funds and credit of the company to their own interests, but the committee say that no motives of intention to injure the company are discernable. The firm of Lawrence, Stone & Co., of Boston, are debtors to the company to the amount of two hundred and twenty-seven thousand dollars.

WHAT IT COSTS TO PULL A PRESIDENT'S NOSE!—The consequence of one hasty act sometimes follows a man through life. Robert B. Randolph, of Virginia, many years ago, pulled General Jackson's nose. He was immediately removed from the Navy, of which he was an officer. Recently he was appointed to a position connected with the arsenal at Washington, by Secretary Floyd. The appointment, however, roused the ire of the Tennessee delegation. They waited on President Buchanan and insisted that respect to the memory of Andrew Jackson demanded the removal of Randolph. He has accordingly been permitted to *resign*.

MINNESOTA.—A letter from St. Paul's, Minnesota, denies that "many are starving, and that they have two feet of snow," &c. It says:—

We have not had five inches of snow on the ground at one time this winter, and only two snows. The thermometer has not been lower than 12° above zero this month, from that to 42 above.

Except portions of two new counties where the grasshoppers were, our people have raised abundant crops, and are well supplied. The working class here, and all other *classes*, are, I believe, better off here than in any part of the United States.

FEELING IN MOBILE, NEW ORLEANS, &C.—Great excitement prevailed when the news arrived of Com. Paulding's arrest of Gen. Walker. All the leading daily papers of New Orleans contained bitter denunciations of the course of Commodore Paulding.

Over fourteen hundred men are now in New Orleans and Mobile, awaiting shipment. The men from the lower part of Texas, 400 in number, sailed on the 21st ultimo.

FOREIGN NEWS.—The news brought by the Arago was generally unimportant.

No further progress had been made in the launching of the Leviathan.

Trade in the manufacturing districts was bad, and the markets were generally inanimate.

Sir Colin Campbell denies that he has been on ill terms with Lord Canning.

The hand of the Princess Alice of England was to be asked for the Crown Prince of the Netherlands. At Hamburg, up to the 13th inst., there was no general return of confidence yet manifested, and further failures were expected.

The Austrian Government had loaned the city of Hamburg ten millions of florins. The sum will be employed in aiding the large houses.

A large portion of the crew of the U. S. frigate Congress were on a visit to Jerusalem.

Twenty-seven nuns were about to leave Paris for China.

The Liverpool cotton market closed quiet, but steady. Prices were easier, but with no quotable change.

Flour had advanced 6d., and closing with an upward tendency. Wheat had advanced 3d. in the week. Corn was buoyant, and all qualities had slightly improved.

THREE YEARS AFTER A PAIL OF WATER.—The Auburn (N. J.) Advertiser tells the following:—A well-to-do farmer of Springport, three years ago, had a little altercation with his wife, and while conversing with her took up a pail to go after some water. His long absence awakened the fears of his wife, who suspected at once that he had made an end of his life by throwing himself into the well. The well was accordingly searched, but the husband was not found. The friendly neighbors industriously sought for, but found no traces of him. Last week, while his family were at tea, the missing husband walked into the room with the pail of water in his hand, put it into the usual place, and sat down to the table as if nothing had happened. He had been gone just three years after his pail of water: had visited California and Australia, and had "turned up" again with a handsome little fortune in his pocket.

ANOTHER CASE OF DYSPEPSIA.

BALDWINSVILLE, N. Y., March 4, 1856.

Dr. C. M. Jackson, Dear Sir:—Having received great benefit from the use of Hoofland's German Bitters, I think it my duty as a friend of mankind to let them know it. I had for years been afflicted with *Dyspepsia*, arising from an affection of the Liver and derangement of the stomach. I was under the care of the physicians of this vicinity, but obtained no relief. I was indeed through the advice of a friend to commence the use of your Bitters, and took faithfully according to directions three bottles, which entirely cured me, and I now find myself in as good health as I have ever enjoyed. Respectfully yours,

JOHN C. QUEENES.

Ask for Hoofland's German Bitters. Take nothing else, and see that the signature of C. M. Jackson is on the wrapper of each bottle. These Bitters are for sale by druggists and storekeepers in every town and village in the United States, Canadas, West Indies and South America, at 75 cents per bottle.

THE OXYGENATED BITTERS are especially adapted to the delicate constitution of females suffering from derangement of the natural functions, weakness or irregularity, and nervous debility. They are a powerful tonic, yet free from alcohol.

☞ EMPLOYMENT FOR THE YEAR.—Persons out of employment may find that which is both profitable and pleasant by addressing ROBERT SEARS, Publisher, 181 William Street, New York. nov29-tf

PHILADELPHIA RETAIL MARKETS.

CORRECTED WEEKLY

By R. B. JONES, LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S SALOONS Nos. 727 and 729 Arch Street.

MEATS.

Beef.		*Mutton.*	
Roasting rib, ₱ lb	12 a14	Leg, Loin, Chp ₱ lb	8 a10
Sirloin steak	12 a14	Breast and Neck	6 a 8
Rump do	10 a12	Young Lamb, whole	$3 a $4
Chuck pieces	8 a12½	Whole carcass	8 a 9
Plates and navels		*Veal.*	
Corned	6 a10	Fore quarter ₱ lb	9
Tongues, fresh	62½a75	Hind do	11
Leg, each	31½a37½	Chop	12½
Skin	25 a42	Cutlet	12½
Kidney	8 a25	Sweetbread, each	10
Liver ₱ lb	6½	*Pork.*	
Dried Beef ₱ lb	16 a18	Young Pigs	$1 25 a1 50
Lamb.		Salt and fresh lb	12 a 14
Fore quarter	75 a87½	Feet ₱ set	18½a 25
Hind do	1 00a1 12½	Trips ₱ lb	4 a 6
Chop ₱ lb	10 a12½	Lard do	13 a 15
Calves Head, each	25 a31	Hams, sliced	11 a 15
		Sausage	10 a 12
		Bologna Sausages	16 a 20

VEGETABLES.

Turnips bkt	25 a 40	Sw't Pots'es ₱ bus	$1 25a1 75
do by pk	12½a 14	do do ₱ doz	a
Beets bunch	4 a 5	Corn potatoes bu	1 10 a1 15
do by'd	3 a 10	Cabbage bbl	87½a1 12½
Salad bund	1 a 5	Onions bus	— a1 50
		Carrots doz	12

FRUIT.

Apples ₱ bkt	56a1 00	Cranberries qt	10 a 12
do ₱ pk	12½a 25		

POULTRY AND GAME.

Spring Chickens ₱ pair	31 a 37	Sqb Pig'ns pair	28 a 31½
Chickens ₱ pair	87 a 1 25	Woodcock	75 a 1 00
Pheasants	75 a 87½	Frogs doz	25 a 50
Snipe, sand	37½	Canvas Back Ducks	2 a2 25
		Partridges pair,	50a56

SHELLFISH.

Ter'pin(South) dz	6 a8 00	Oysters, Absecom	
do(Ches & Del)	6 a8 00	₱ bkt	62 a 80
Lobsters lb	8 a 10	do ₱ M	4 a5 00
Clams M	2 a2 50	M Riv Cove M	3 a5 00
		N Y do ₱ bbl	10 a20 00

FISH.

Halibut lb	10 a12	Perch bunch	6½a12½
Bass	6 a 9	Catfish	12
Porgies	— a 8	Eels	6 a12½
Flounders	— a 6	Salt Shad lb	12
Cod	5 a 6	" Mackerel	12
Blackfish	— 6	Dry Cod	4 a 6
White Fish	— a 8	Sm'kd Herring bunch	6
Rock	10 a12		

MISCELLANEOUS.

Butter lb	29 a35	Honey lb	20 a25
Roll do	16 a20	Sinecarose cake	2 a 3
Eggs doz	20 a22		

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY S. MCHENRY, STOCK AND BILL BROKER, No. 333 Walnut Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing steady.

	Bid.	Asked.		Bid.	Asked.
LOANS.			Reading	23½	24½
U S 6 pr ct			Hibernia	52	52
" "	'62	—	Hest & Tan	52½	53
" "	'67	112 —	Chester Val	—	5
" "	'68	112 —	Tioga	—	—
" "	'65	— —	" preferred	—	—
Phila 6 pr ct	95	96	P W & Balt	16½	16½
" " new	92	93	Long Island	9½	9½
" "	—	—	Wil'sport & Elmira	—	1
Cam City 6 pr ct	—	—	Catawissa	51	54
Penn 6 pr ct	—	—	CANAL STOCKS		
" coupon	—	—	Sch Nav	8½	10½
All'gy City 6 pr ct	—	—	" preferred	17	17½
" County "	—	—	Lehigh Nav	45½	50
Alle co R R 6's	—	—	Morris consolidated	40	45
Penn	93½	94½	" preferred	92	93½
" 5 "	87	88	C & Del	—	—
" coupon	87	88	Union	—	4½
Penn 6 pr ct	81½	82	Sus & Tidewater	—	—
Kentucky 6 pr ct	95	96	BANK STOCKS.		
Penn RR 6 pr ct	92	93	North Amer	—	123
2d m'rt loan '83	75½	76½	Penns	—	10
C & Am RR 6 pr ct	65	70	Phila	96	100
P G & N RR "	90	95	Far & Mec	32	32½
Reading RR "	74½	75	Commercial	42	45
" " m'rt "	80	83	N Liberty	—	51
" " " 6 pr ct 1870	66	66½	Mechanics	—	251
Har & Lan RR "	—	—	Southwark	39	—
Che Val RR "	—	—	P Township	25	—
Tioga RR "	—	—	Kensington	—	60
Phil Wil & Bal			Girard	9½	9½
'60 RR & pr ct	86	86½	Western	—	—
Lanc & RR "	—	—	Man & Mech	21½	25
Sch Nav '82 "	50	60	Commerce	—	—
Lehigh Nav "	60	70	Tradesman's	—	—
Mort "	87	90	City	37½	38
C & D Cl "	53	57	Consolidation	—	—
Sus & Tid '78 "	51	53½	Commonwealth	16	17
Union Canal	37½	42	Corn Exchange	—	—
Williams & Elmira			Pittsburg	—	—
1st m'rt 7 pr ct	—	—	M & M Pitts	—	—
2d " 7 pr ct	—	—	Ex'ge Pitts	—	—
Catawissa	40	41	Kentucky	106	108
North Penn 6 pr ct	90	92	Northern, Ky	109	—
RAILROAD STOCK.			Louisville, Ky	105	108
Cam & Amboy	234	235	Farmers, Ky	109	110
Penns	28	28½	Union, Nash, Tenn	—	99
Bea Meadow	53	54½	Plant'n, Tenn	—	100
North Penns	31	31	Com & R Vick	61	—
Phil Ger & Nor	50	50	N O Gas Lt	113	115

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST By WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS.

No. 20 South Third Street.

PHILADELPHIA, January 2, 1858.

PENNSYLVANIA.		GEORGIA.	
Solvent banks	½ dis	Solvent banks	½ dis
Relief notes	par	SOUTH CAROLINA.	
NEW JERSEY.		Solvent banks	2 dis
Solvent banks	par to 5 dis	ALABAMA.	
DELAWARE.		Solvent banks	2 dis
Solvent banks	½ to par	MISSISSIPPI.	
MARYLAND.		All banks	uncertain
Baltimore	2 dis	LOUISIANA.	
Solvent banks	2 to 4 dis	Solvent banks	2 dis
NEW YORK.		OHIO.	
Solvent banks	par	Solvent banks	2 dis
MAINE.		KENTUCKY.	
Solvent banks	par	Solvent banks	2 dis
NEW HAMPSHIRE.		INDIANA.	
Solvent banks	par	State bank	2 dis
VERMONT.		ILLINOIS.	
Solvent banks	par	Solvent banks	6 dis
CONNECTICUT.		MISSOURI.	
Solvent banks	par	Solvent banks	2 dis
MASSACHUSETTS.		TENNESSEE.	
Solvent banks	par	Old banks	2 dis
RHODE ISLAND.		MICHIGAN.	
Solvent banks	2 dis	Solvent banks	2 dis
VIRGINIA.		WISCONSIN.	
Solvent banks	3½ dis	Solvent banks	2 dis
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.		TEXAS.	
Solvent banks	2 dis	Commercial and Agricultural bk, Galveston	20 dis
NORTH CAROLINA.			
Solvent banks	½ dis		
CANADA.			
Solvent banks	1 dis		

A LADY

WHO HAS BEEN CURED OF GREAT NERVOUS DEBILITY, after many years of misery, desires to make known to all fellow-sufferers the *sure* means of relief. Address, enclosing stamp to pay return postage, Mrs. MARY E. DEWITT, Boston, Mass., and the prescription will be sent free, by next post. dec25-4t

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of DEXTER & BROTHER, Nos. 14 and 16 Ann St., N. Y.
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HENRY TAYLOR, Baltimore, Md.
BURNHAM, FEDERHEN & CO., Boston, Mass.
SAFFORD & PARK, Norwich, Conn.
HUNT & MINER, Pittsburg.
McNALLY & CO., 75 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.
A. GUNTER, " 79 Third St., Louisville, Ky.
HAGAN & BR ..ER, Nashville, Tenn.
ELI ADAMS, Davenport, Iowa.
E. SEMON, Richmond, Va.
MILTON BOULEMET, Mobile, Ala.
J. C. MORGAN, New Orleans, La.
JAMES DAVENPORT, St. Paul, Minnesota.

Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On Thursday evening, the 24th ultimo, by the Rev. John Street, Mr. HENRY COOPER, to Miss CLARA HOWELL, both of this city.

On the 26th ultimo, by the same, Mr. CHAS. C. RYAN, to Miss HETTIE WILSON, both of Bucks county, Pa.

On the 31st ultimo, by the Rev. Abel C. Thomas, Mr. ROBERT HAMILTON, to Miss SUSANNAH SMITH, both of this city.

On the 24th ultimo, by John G. Wilson, V. D. M., Mr. JOHN BURLEY, to Miss ELIZA J. DUNCAN, both of this city.

On the 23d ultimo, by the Rev. W. Blackwood, Mr. THOMAS HAWLEY, to Miss ELIZA CUNNINGHAM, both of Richmond.

On the 24th ultimo, by the Rev. W. Sherrett, Mr. JOHN BENSON, to Miss ELIZABETH DOUTHART, both of this city.

On the 22d ultimo, by the Rev. T. A. Fernley, Mr. JAMES DUNN, to Mrs. ELIZABETH K. CALDER, both of this city.

On the 26th ultimo, by the Rev. Anthony Atwood, Mr. JOHN PICKFORD, to Miss ELIZABETH BOOTH, both of Gloucester city, N. J.

On the 12th ultimo, by John G. Wilson, V. D. M., Mr. JAMES MCDEVITT, to Miss MARGARET M. BECH, both of the city.

On the 24th ultimo, by the Rev. Henry Darling, Mr. EUGENE STROUP, of New Castle county, Del. to Miss MARY W. CLAYTON, of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 29th ultimo, Mr. ISAAC W. MOORE, aged 40.
On the 28th ultimo, Mr. PETER CAMPBELL, aged 65.
On the 26th ultimo, ANDREW J. BARDELL, dred 23 years.
On the 30th ultimo, ELIZABETH, wife of John Ray, aged 45 years.
On the 28th ultimo, MARY HELEN, daughter of Lorin L. and Hannah P. Pauly, aged 11 years.
On the 28th ultimo, MARY, widow of the late Ralph W. Pomeroy.
On the 29th ultimo, at Paducah, Ky., JOSEPH KENYON, aged 77 years.
On the 27th ultimo, Mrs. HANNAH GRUIS, formerly Mrs. White, aged 77 years.
On the 28th ultimo, MATILDA, daughter of Robert and Martha Henry, aged 15 years.
On the 27th ultimo, JOHN MARPLE, aged 77 years.
On the 27th ultimo, ANNIE, wife of Edward Tallow, aged 28 years.
On the 28th ultimo, Mr. PETER SNYDER, aged 68 years.
On the 30th ultimo, Mrs. JOHANNA, wife of John C. Daly, aged 61 years.
On the 9th ultimo, Mr. JOHN BEATTY, aged 34 years.
At Manayunk, on the 29th ultimo, Mrs. JANE CHANDLER, aged 67 years.
On the 25th ultimo, RACHEL EMERICK, aged 62 years.
On the 25th ultimo, GEORGE A. DIEHR, aged 24 years.
On the 27th ultimo, ANNA T. HANZER, aged 48 years.
On the 29th ultimo, Mrs. ROSANNA, relict of the late Michael Gilbert, aged 74 years.
On the 25th ultimo, JOHN GREVE, Sr. aged 67 years.
On the 25th ultimo, GEORGE SCHMICK, Sr. aged 82.

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THE OLD DOMINION COFFEE POT.

THIS NEW COFFEE POT, for which a Patent has been issued, possesses this advantage over all others—You may boil Coffee in it for any length of time, without a particle of the strength or aroma escaping. It is well known that, in the ordinary way of boiling Coffee, the fine aroma which gives to the Coffee its most delicious flavor, passes off with the vapor, and the longer it is boiled the more bitter, and unpalatable, and unhealthy it becomes; hence a resort to the French Strainer, which gives a raw-tasting beverage. The "Old Dominion" Coffee Pot entirely prevents the escape of aroma. One-fourth less Coffee is required, and the full flavor of the berry retained. A large number of testimonials have been received from those who have used it. Manufactured by

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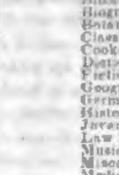

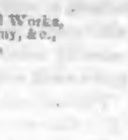

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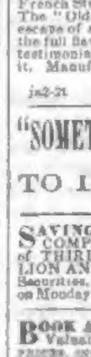

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Wit and Humor.

THE PREACHER WHO WISHED TO GET MARRIED.

A good story is told of a Methodist preacher—and the story is true to the letter—who lived about forty years ago. He was a bachelor, and we could write his real name, but prefer to call him Smith. He resisted many persuasions to marry, which his friends were constantly making, until he had reached a tolerably advanced age, and he himself began to feel the need of, or, at least, to have new ideas of, the comfort of being nursed with woman's gentle care. Shortly after entering one of his circuits, a maiden lady, also of ripe years, was strongly recommended to him, and his friends again urged that he had better get married, representing that the lady named would probably not refuse to accept him, notwithstanding his eccentricities.

"Do you think tho I" responded the dominie, for he very perceptibly lisped; "then I'll go and thee her."

He was a man of his word. His ring at the door-bell was answered by the serving-maid.

"Ith Mith P——— within?" briskly but calmly asked the lover.

"Yes, sir. Will you walk in?"

"No, I thank you. Be kind enough to thay to Mith P———that I with to thpeak to her a moment."

Miss P——— appeared, and repeated the invitation to walk in.

"No, thank you; I'll thoon explain my bithiness. I'm the new Methodist preacher. I'm unmarried. My friendth think I'd better marry. They recommend you for my wife. Have you any objection?"

"Why, really, Mr. Sm—"

"There—don't anthwer now. Will call thith day week for your reply. Good-day."

On that day week he reappeared at the door of Miss P———'s residence. It was promptly opened by the lady herself.

"Walk in, Mr. Smith."

"Cannot, ma'am. Have not time. Start on my circuit round in half an hour. Ith your anthwer ready, ma'am?"

"Oh, *do* walk in, Mr. Smith."

"Can't indeed, ma'am. Pleath anther me. Yeth or No."

"Well, Mr. Smith, it is a very serious matter. *I should not like to get out of the way of Providence*—"

"*I perfectly understand you*, Mith P———. We will be married thith day week. I will call at thith hour. Pleath be ready, ma'am."

He called on that day week, at that hour. She was ready: they were married, and lived happily several years.

THE REAL "OLD STINGO."—It isn't often that our friend D. sells "on the sly," but he did the other day. A fellow of red complexion and seedy appearance came early in the morning, before our friend had opened his shop. Wistfully he gazed upon the outer walls, until the wants of the "inner man" became almost insupportable. Not knowing precisely the room occupied by the mysterious dealer, he stepped into the store of Mr. B., and meeting him, said, with a wink full of wisdom, "I want a pint." Ready for a little fun, B. replied, "Oh, yes, all right—follow me." He took him up one flight and introduced him to D., saying, "he wants a pint—it's all right." D. took the bottle from his customer and filled it with—*burning fluid*, and handed it over. The customer couldn't wait any longer, and the bottle was elevated and pointed. It went down, (the fluid,) gurgling "good, good, good," as it went, until a satisfactory quantity was disposed of. Our friend could hardly "hold in" as the hero commenced shaking and spitting at a furious rate. "Mister," said he, "is that cider brandy?" "No, sir." "What is it?" "That, sir, is *the real old stingo*." "Is it?—have you got any water here?" "Not a drop." "But I must have some," continued the customer, growing desperate in his attempts to turn himself inside out. D. directed him to a neighboring pump, where it was afterwards ascertained the sufferer supplied his wants. It is quite safe to say that *that* fellow will never again call for "old stingo." To complete the job, D. should have attached one of his patent gas-burners to his customer, and experimented.

TAKEN AT HIS WORD.—A French savan, of excellent heart, but somewhat eccentric, lately discharged a servant. Another presented himself, and when matters were nearly settled, the gentleman said:—

"Listen, my good fellow: I am not unfair; but I hate to waste words. You must understand me at a hint. For example, when I say —'Give me my razors, to shave me'—you must bring me at the same time warm water, soap, a napkin, in fact, all the accessories of the toilet. And so with everything."

For some time all went on to a marvel, and our friend congratulated himself on having so excellent a servant. One day he felt indisposed, and told his man to go for the doctor, who lived a few steps off. One hour, two hours passed away. No physician, no servant. Finally, at the end of three hours, back came the servant.

"Well, sir! what made you so long a time going for the doctor, who lives close at hand?"

"Ma foi, monsieur remembers that when he gives me an order I must guess all that he will be likely to need. Thus I started for the doctor: then the surgeon, in case there should be any operation to perform: the watchers, in case they should be needed to pass the night: the notary, in case monsieur should wish to make his will; and the undertaker, and the grave-digger, in case he should kick the bucket."

JOHN MITCHEL AND THE DARKEY.—Parson Brownlow of the Knoxville Whig, tells a rather good story of John Mitchel, the Irish "patriot," who, in company with a Mr. Swan, publishes a paper in Knoxville, Tenn. They employ in their office a slave named "Jordan," and the story runs thus:

"Mr Swan, in the presence of Mitchell, remarked to 'Jordan,' that we (meaning himself and Mitchel) have concluded to re-open the African Slave trade, and fill this country with the real ivory-toothed negroes from Congo, and turning to 'Jordan,' inquired, 'how will it do?' Jordan, scratching his head, and after a moment's reflection, replied, 'I think it will do first-rate, massa Billy, provided you will drive all dese yer Irish out of our country, back to whar dey cobbe from, and give us de niggers in da place.'"

A COUPLE OF RAILWAY STRETCHERS.—"Wal, Jefferson, I guess you are tolerable later nor you used to was," said an engine driver on a Yankee railway, who had been waiting at a junction a good while for the train that had just arrived under the charge of Jefferson.

"Wal," replied Jefferson, wiping his perspiring face with a handful of cotton waste, "I reckon we are behind a considerable scarce, but that don't raise me, no how: it's getting along here any time astonishes me a several—it does!"

"Been a smash?" inquired the first speaker, chewing slowly.

"I expect not," returned Jefferson, "but well nigh one. Why ye see down away it was darned hot, very, and the rails was all expanding so much, that the way was not only drawn out dreadful, but, what was worse, they had not room to stretch quite, and was all so raised and humped up, it's just been as worse as if I had come the whole road entire over two tall rows of tarnation camel's backs!"

"Wal, I calc'late that was 'moying a few," returned the listener, "but one day bringing up my ingine it was hot! I reckon the rails was feverish a chalk or two that time! I put full steam up, shut safety valves, slacked brake off, right away, and we walked ahead!—we did. But only just in time, for we looked back and saw the rails crawling about like live snakes, and running over the banks to cool themselves in the water!"

Jefferson went off to oil his engine.

A TURKISH JEST.—It happened once that the Kadi (a judge) of Sarry-Hissar, (a village near Constantinople,) got drunk and fell asleep in his vineyard; the Khojah, walking with a friend, passed by the place, and seeing the Kadi's condition, stole his gown and placed it upon his shoulders. When the Kadi awoke and missed his gown, he summoned his attendants, and sending them in different directions, commanded them to arrest the person with whom it should be discovered. One of the officers recognized the gown on Khojah's back, and seizing him, dragged him to the Melikemeh, (the public tribunal.) When the Kadi saw him, he demanded:

"Khojah Effendi, where didst thou find this gown?"

The Khojah answered in a loud voice, so that all the spectators might hear: "As I was walking this morning with a friend, we saw a Kadi so reckless of the holy law he was appointed to administer, that he lay in an open field, dead drunk and asleep. My companion, in indignation, spit upon and kicked him; I took his cloak and put it on me. If it be thy property, I am willing to resign it to thee."

"No, no, Khojah!" cried the Kadi, alarmed for his reputation; "it is none of mine! it is none of mine!"

Agricultural.

WORK FOR JANUARY.

Among the important things needing present care and attention is the management of

Cattle which require warm quarters *under cover*, at night, and during storms. Feed them in and around barns rather than at a stack-yard half a mile off. Provide racks for out-door feeding. For graziers who are constantly feeding cattle for market, a one or two horse-power corn and cob mill, and a straw cutter are almost indispensable appendages. A straw cutter of some kind should be in every barn.

Corn for Seed—If not saved, as it should have been, at the time of harvest, select the best ears now and put them away unshelled until planting time.

Fences—Procure timber from the frozen swamps and split out the yearly supply of rails and stakes. Make posts, working in holes or pinning two small pieces together. The hemlock logs hauled last Summer should now be taken to the mill *to be* sawed for fencing the timber. Make gates to take the place of the less convenient bars.

Grain—Look out for mice and rats on unthreshed stacks or mows. Keep stock of all kinds from fields not covered with snow. During thaws look to drains and see that no water is allowed to stand on the fields.

Hemp—Break during cool weather, and bale for market.

Hogs—If not fattened and killed last month hasten along. Unless waiting for a market it is far better to fatten early. Keep well bedded at night and supply manure materials for them to work over. Look to the future increase, and provide a healthy male of improved stock.

Horses and Mules—Give ground feed with cut hay or straw, moistening with water. Mix a few cut carrots with their feed occasionally.

Ice Houses—Fill with the first firm ice of the season, packing it in closely and covering with plenty of straw.

Manures—Keep up the manufacturing at all times, mixing in the muck and leaves stored under cover last Fall. If the manure is not covered in the yard, cart it to the fields. Bring home on wheels or runners all manures purchased at a distance, and also muck from the swamps.

Marketing is a part of the thrifty farmer's business, and the beginner has much to learn. It is best to take only good produce to market. Large fruit sells better than inferior kinds. By sorting potatoes the farmer gets many bushels of small ones for his hogs, while the large measure just as much without them, and bring a better price. Clean, plump wheat sells readily at an advanced price for seed. Sow with stock and other produce.

Poultry—Warm quarters on a *ground* floor, meat, fish and pounded bones, oyster shells or lime, will usually secure a supply of eggs in Winter. Chopped cabbage is a good substitute for the green food of the milder seasons. Keep roosts clean, carefully saving the contents.

Roads—Let pride and love of order, to say nothing of convenience, stimulate those in charge to keep the highways always passable. Roads left blocked up with snow indicate a slovenly neighborhood.

Sheep—Look to an increase of improved stock by introducing a choice buck. Let salt be accessible, or feed salt hay occasionally. Shelter from storms, of course.

Timber—In the northern regions, get out pine and hemlock logs, as well as cedar, chestnut and locust for fencing and other purposes. A "bob sled" will be serviceable.

Tools—See that steel and iron surfaces do not rust. Employ leisure time in repairing those that are failing: provide needed new ones for the Spring. All implements are presumed to be under cover. A Winter's exposure is as injurious as a season's wear. A tool-house and a work-room, with carpenter's tools, should be an appendage to every farm-house.

Turnips and other Roots—Feed daily to milch cows. If mixed with Indian meal and fed after milking, little or no taste will be given to the milk. A root cutter will be of great service.

Wood—Get up enough to last a year, at least. Cut, split and pile under cover. There will be economy in it, to say nothing of superior cooking, meals in season and a pleasant housewife.

ORCHARD AND NURSERY.

These, in the northern States, are mainly covered with snow and require little care save guarding against mice and clearing the snow from the branches of small trees.

Tramp around trees in the orchard after the first snows to form an icy barrier near the ground which mice will rarely pass.

Shake off the newly fallen snow from branches of evergreens, and raise any limbs partially buried and liable to be pulled still further down when rains, or warm weather settle the drifts.

At the South, and whenever the ground is open at the North, transplanting may still be done, scales washed from young trees, and moss and rough bark scraped from the trunks of older ones.

In nurseries labels and division stakes should now be provided for Spring use. Probably a busy season is awaiting the nurseryman to balance the light trade of last Fall. We hope so at least.

Scions should be procured for Spring grafting, burying them in a snow bank, dry earth, or in sand or moss in the cellar. See that no mistake is made in cutting them, and label each variety with care. By shaving off the butt end of a scion the name can be legibly written upon the green wood with a pencil, if no label is at hand.

Pruning *may* be done lightly, in mild latitudes, if the time cannot be devoted to it next Summer.

Manures of various kinds, muck, lime and ashes may now be procured and hauled to grounds intended for Spring planting.

KITCHEN AND FRUIT GARDEN.

We suppose, of course, that the Asparagus, Strawberries, Spinage, Raspberry plants, &c., were all covered at the proper season. There is little now to do save putting everything in readiness for early Spring work. At the North, manure can be procured and carted upon the grounds, tools repaired, &c., while at the South the early gardener will be making and sowing his hot beds, or even working and planting open grounds.

Bean Poles—Procure these while the swamps are frozen. Pea brush may be collected at the same time. Both can now be got better than during the busy period of Spring.

Cold Frames—Watch them closely, omitting no opportunity to air them in suitable weather, but keep closed and well covered with straw during severe cold. If covered with snow, leave it on until warm enough to give an airing. Pick off all decaying leaves from the growing vegetables.

Currant and Gooseberry Cuttings may still be made, and the bushes themselves be pruned.

Hot Beds—Provide frames, sash and fermenting materials for early use. Especially have some fine rich mould placed under cover to spread over the surface of the beds previous to sowing. If this is omitted until wanted for use, it may then be wet or frozen. Beds can be made the latter part of this month, especially at the South. Next month will be quite early enough in this latitude.

Manure—Make and collect a bountiful supply. A heavy dressing of this is one great "secret" of good gardening. You can much better afford the time to draw them now than at planting time.

Rhubarb and Asparagus—To get these early, cover a portion of the beds, the latter part of this month, with one to two feet of stable litter and manure. The heat of the fermenting material will draw the frost from the ground and induce a much earlier start in the Spring. Barrels sawed in two and the halves placed over hills of Rhubarb and the whole buried with manure will answer a still better purpose.

Seeds—Examine the seed box to see if a sufficient supply is apparently in good order. If not, procure them early, while the seed dealers have a full supply. Where many are wanted, and you distrust the quality, procure samples and test them before getting a full quota. Forty-eight hours is long enough to prove some varieties; others require several days. Place cotton upon the top of a tumbler, or other glass of water, and scatter seeds upon it, keeping in a warm room and placing near the stove at night. The moisture absorbed by the cotton will cause them to sprout and even grow several inches in height.

Trellises—Repair those needing it, and confine any branches of fruit trees or vines which are dangling in the wind.—*American Agriculturist.*

SPITE.

MISS SLIMLY.—"Do you know, dear, I was asked the other day, if you were my mamma!"

—*London Punch.*

SEAT AMONG HORSEMEN.

BY HARRY HIEOVER.

I lately endeavored to describe the different ways in which different riders put their horses at fences; this arising in some measure from the difference of nerve and difference of judgment exhibited by these varieties of men. No less difference of seat is shown by them. There can be no doubt but this differences arises chiefly from the different vocations pursued by riders. The direct military man, the jockey, the hunting man, the trotting rider, the huntsman, the dealer's showman, the postboy, down to the butcher's messenger, have all their different modes of sitting on and riding their horses. I do not intend on this occasion to go into a lengthened description of the different styles exhibited by such persons; but shall only consider the peculiarities and difference shown by men in the same situation and place; and a very considerable difference will be found to exist under similar circumstances.

A good deal of difference of seat arises from different formation in the men; much more from the difference each man assumes from fancying it the most becoming, the safest, or easiest; and, let me add, odd as the assertion may appear to some, the seat is influenced in no trifling degree by the hands: the man with bad hands seldom has a neat or handsome seat on horseback. He may be a first-rate horseman, a distinguished, bold rider, and one who rides with consummate judgment in a steeple-chase, across country with hounds, or on the flat; but it will in a general way be found to be the case, the neatest and best seat on the race-horse, the hunter, or steeple-chaser is mostly accompanied with good hands; the man with bad ones either accustoms his horse to bore, by which the rider is half pulled out of his saddle, and learns to depend on his horse's mouth as a *point d'appui*—or he gets the horse's head in such close proximity to his own that he is obliged so to sit on him as to avoid the constant danger of contact.

Thus far the hands affect the seat. Let us now see how far the seat affects the hands. We will take the case of a watch-maker: he, sitting firmly on a steady seat, can perform the nicest acts the hands of man are capable of. But let his seat be unsteady, his hands become unsteady also; in short, he cannot command them. Similar is the case of the rider with an unsteady seat, and his horse's mouth suffers in consequence.

Hands and seat (speaking of them technically) have wonderfully improved within these last (say) sixty years. It is quite true that such men as Sir Sydney Meadows or Lord Rivers had fine hands and a fine seat of a peculiar kind for the riding-school: we want no such style of riding now, nor did my observation on the improvement of hands and seat include such horsemanship; it refers only to ordinary riding. Formerly the best jockeys had, figuratively and comparatively speaking, no hands at all, and for seat a very ugly one. But in saying thus much we must not sneer at such men; for riding a boring brute like Eclipse four miles was a very different affair to riding Blink Bonny a mile and a-half. But, independent of Eclipse's peculiar habit and bad style of going, four miles will make them all more or less *bore*, though they may cease to *pull*. It is seldom that nice handling avails much with a tired horse, though it will do wonders with one only in a temporary way beaten; and even the Chifney rush is set at naught by the Beacon Course. Jockeys in former days only considered that standing in their stirrups brought their weight on the strongest part of their horse. This was all right enough as far as it went; but in those days jockeys rode so ridiculously short that they lost the necessary grip of their saddle with their thighs, and, figuratively speaking, stood over their horse, swaying about most unsteadily. In this situation they actually steadied themselves by the bridle: thus situated, nicety of hands and touch was lost: the horse bored, and the jockey pulled. How different was this to old Sam's quiet way of getting down on his saddle; and so soon as he did, all jockeys knew he was preparing for mischief. Jockeys of old could scarcely get down on the saddle without assuming a position similar to a man on a very low chair, giving them the seat of old Tommy Lye, who, though an excellent jock, I always thought showed the ugliest seat Newmarket could produce.

Riding injudiciously short in any situation is attended with many disadvantages, without having one redeeming clause in its favor. If the stirrups are short enough to permit the rider to clear his saddle while his legs are in an easy position to himself, he and his horse derives every possible advantage contemplated. The weight is taken off the horse's loins as effectually as though the rider stood like the Colossus at Rhodes over his horse. The man riding improperly short must, when he sits down, place his body as far back as the cantle of his saddle will permit. Men with such seats are very apt to pinch and gall their horse's backs, the pressure not being properly divided along the length of the saddle. At leaps with such a seat no man can sit firm and steady, from the want of being able to retain a proper grip of his saddle, or rather his horse. So much for short stirrups, or, technically speaking, "riding short."

There are other men who adopt a diametrically opposite system, and affect the military seat, long stirrups, with the ball of the foot only resting on them. As a plain fellow myself, I detest anything like affectation in all its phases; but on horseback, or in aught that is connected with horses, it becomes perfectly ridiculous. I am far from objecting to any style a man may think proper to adopt, if he can show it is a good one, or better than that usually made use of; but the folly of imitating the seat and habits of a German cavalry officer, or an English jockey in the hunting-field, must be considered absurd, and in fact, are both inappropriate in situations where each is out of place. It may seem odd my asserting that there is often much affectation displayed where we might least expect its presence. I do not say it is so among sportsmen; but verily it exists in no inconsiderable degree among many I have seen with foxhounds. Youth and large fortune may lead to this, and the possessors of it are not aware of the contempt and pity it calls forth among more sensible men. This affected style does not emanate from any wish of being thought a cavalry officer, but from the far less defensible one of being thought to possess horses that enable their rider to sit as much at his ease on them when hounds are running a' racing pace as he does when taking a canter up Rotten-row. It is true that men who have always a second horse out may indulge in such affectation if it pleases them. They may fancy it indicates that they ride so superior a class of horse that he requires no consideration on the part of the rider; but he does after all, and such men often find they are glad to mount their second horse where some more judicious rider has his one horse comparatively fresh. He has, perhaps, ridden quite as forward as the other, but has ridden with such judgment that he has called forth the admiration of sensible men, and not with an affected superiority over others, that has challenged their contempt or smile of derision. With this little phillipic against affectation, which I trust true sportsmen will hold as just, I reserve a few remarks on seat for another article.—*London Field.*

WINTER CARE OF STOCK.

The following remarks, which we copy from the last number of the *Irish Farmer's Gazette*, are particularly appropriate to the season, and worthy the attention of all who have the care of stock:

1. REGULARITY.—The stated hours of feeding must be carefully adhered to, and no deviation ought to be allowed. Cattle very soon know the time when they ought to receive their allowance of food; and if it passes without bringing the expected supply, they get restless, and express their uneasiness by loud bellowings.

2. CLEANLINESS.—From an examination of cow-houses or cattle sheds, in general, we would be led to imagine that cattle are naturally dirty, and that their owners, therefore, consider that the most profitable mode of keeping them, is to pay as little attention to cleanliness as possible. The cow-houses ought to be cleaned out twice every day, and plenty of litter allowed for the cattle to lie upon. The troughs ought to be kept always sweet and clean; and, for this purpose, the feeder must remove all unconsumed food, whether turnips or straw, previous to giving a fresh supply, wiping out the troughs with a wisp of straw.

3. QUIET.—This is a most important point; and so much ought it to be attended to, that the cleaning of the houses should never be done whilst the cattle are eating their turnips; neither ought the curry-comb (which ought to be used on all feeding or milch cattle, or on such as are constantly tied up) be applied whilst the animals are feeding; nor should they be disturbed after they have lain down, to undergo this process. Immediately after being fed, and before they lie down, is the best time to clean out the houses and curry the cattle; and whenever this is over let the doors be closed, and the cattle left to enjoy quiet until the next feeding time comes round.

4. VENTILATION.—Warmth is essentially necessary to the health of milch cows and fattening cattle; but this must not be the stifling heat of an ill-ventilated barn. Many diseases are caused by want of attention to ventilation; and we believe that to this pleuro-pneumonia owes its origin and fatality. At the same time, cattle must not be exposed to a draft of cold air. The best ventilator is one rising two feet above the ridge of the roof, covered with slates, and having Venetian blinds in the four sides. The heated air will ascend to, and escape through this ventilator, a current, but not a draught, being kept up by means of small openings in the walls at the ground, sloping upwards, and covered with gratings. Young cattle in sheds, and having access to straw-yards, of course, do not require ventilators; all that is necessary is to protect the straw-yards from cold winds, by means of sufficient walls, where the yards are not protected by the surrounding houses.

A COCK IN THE HIGH LATITUDES.—The author of an English work, descriptive of a visit to the Arctic regions, relates the following experiences and tragic death of a young Chanticleer that suffered from the "one idea mania:"

"I had observed for some days past, as we proceeded North and the nights became shorter, that the cock we had shipped at Stornaway had become quite bewildered on the subject of that meteorological phenomenon called the Dawn of Day. In fact, I doubt whether he ever slept more than five minutes at a stretch, without waking up in a state of nervous agitation lest it should be cock-crow. At last, when night ceased altogether, his constitution could no longer stand the shock. He crowed once or twice sarcastically, then went melancholy mad; finally, taking a calenture he cackled lowly (probably of green fields,) and leaping overboard, he drowned himself. The mysterious manner in which every day a fresh member of his harem used to disappear, may have preyed upon his spirits."

☞ Dr. Johnson made short work with the tough question of Free Will. "Sir," said he to Boswell, "we know our will is free, and there's an end on't."

☞ The ground of almost all our false reasoning is, that we seldom look any further than on one side of the question.

The Riddler.

HISTORICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY GEORGE W. DUFFIELD.

I am composed of 43 letters.
My 18, 6, 7, 15, 34, was a King of England.
My 5, 10, 13, 17, 12, was a King of Naples.
My 3, 4, 22, 1, 21, 11, 27, 43, 23, was a Prince of Wales.
My 16, 30, 25, 43, was a Queen of England.
My 30, 29, 22, was a Queen of England.
My 21, 32, 19, 20, 31, 38, was a King of England.
My 1, 2, 11, 4, 5, 40, 42, was a King of England.
My 29, 30, 29, 25, 14, 31, 29, was a Governor of New York.
My 21, 26, 37, 15, 34, was an American General.
My 8, 9, 41, 31, 40, 20, was an American General.
My 35, 36, 41, 3, 22, 25, 9, 23, was a British General.
My 33, 17, 33, 22, commanded a party who were murdered by Indians.
My whole was an American hero.

ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 19 letters.
My 7, 9, 10, 20, 2, 15, 12, is what most men hope to be.
My 2, 6, 4, 15, 10, 14, 8, 15, 10, 7, 15, is to run here and there.
My 3, 13, 1, 4, is to restrain.
My 4, 15, 6, 12, 10, 13, 3, is the clasp of a vine.
My 5, 11, 4, 1, 15, 14, is an article of food.
My 6, 9, 2, 11, 12, is a water nymph.
My 7, 12, 3, 5, 1, 11, 6, was a King of Israel.
My 8, 5, 10, 6, 17, 13, 19, 15, is an inhabitant of the sea.
My 9, 12, 12, is a term in arithmetic.
My 10, 5, 11, 6, is a color pertaining to horses.
My 11, 6, 4, is an insect.
My 12, 5, 33, is a toy for children.
My 13, 12, 9, is a name.
My 14, 4, 10, 11, 6, 12, is a term applied to the sea.
My 15, 6, 7, 13, 3, 5, 6, is a letter in the Greek alphabet.
My 16, 11, 1, 12, 11, is a letter in the Greek alphabet.
My 17, 4, 3, 18, is a name.
My 18, 4, 15, 8, 7, 5, 6, is a noted foot racer.
My 4, 16, 5, 33, is to fish in a certain way.
My whole is a celebrated poem.

Monson, Mass. J. W. D.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 38 letters.
My 5, 35, 37, 30, 7, 28, 15, is a trade.
My 1, 38, 22, is a useful article on a warm day.
My 3, 35, 19, 26, is a garden tool.
My 15, 14, 21, 26, 28, is used by ladies.
My 9, 12, 16, is used in printing.
My 6, 20, is a preposition.
My 34, 28, 3, 23, is a part of speech.
My 16, 18, 20, 21, 28, 30, is an animal.
My 32, 11, 24, is a pronoun.
My 31, 35, 37, 33, 14, 23, belongs to a ship.
My 22, 33, 2, 18, is what pigs delight in.
My 17, 32, 9, 27, 27, 29, 15, 32, is the state of the streets in winter.
My 13, 38, 6, 38, 25, is indispensable.
My 19, 4, is a pronoun.
My whole is a large establishment in a city in Pennsylvania.

Pittsburg, Pa. STROWIE.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Cold is the day, the wintry blasts
Sweep over hill and dale;
The frozen snow that drifted lies,
Tells wintry storms prevail.

'Tis just at dusk of dawn
That a wagon might be seen,
Lumbering along through the frozen snow,
'Tis the farmer's that I mean.

Ensconced in the seat of his wagon is he,
And bound for my first might be reckoned;
While by his side sits his partner of life,
Wrapped up in my first and my second.

He had wished that he might reach my first,
Before he encountered my third;
But alas! for his hopes, my whole broke in twain,
And detained him, as might be inferred.

CINROS.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

In a garden there stray'd
A beautiful maid,
And my second walked by her side—
When he suddenly placed
His arm round her waist,
And to kiss the sweet maiden he tried.
But with resolute face
She forbade the embrace,
And my first with energy cried,
He's well known to you,
For a brave man and true
Was my whole—and it can't be denied.

GAHMEW.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is often seen over my second and third.
My whole was a bloody battle of the war of 1812.

Pottstown, Pa. L. J. F.

ANAGRAMS ON RIVERS IN N. AMERICA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

1.—O red grain.
2.—Wool lent yes.
3.—No game Halon.
4.—Come glue.
5.—Ry big Tom.
6.—Maise cab.
7.—See T. N crawl.
8.—Mop cost.
9.—'Tis soul.
10.—A war deel.

Warren, Vt. HARP.

GEOMETRICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The water in a conical vessel is 8 inches deep; and if a ball 10 inches in diameter be let fall into it, it will just touch the water. If more water be poured in the vessel till it be ⅞ full, and a ball 15 inches in diameter be let fall into it, it will also just touch the water. Required—the depth of the vessel and the diameter of its top?

Venango Co., Pa. ARTEMAS MARTIN.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why are sheep the most dissipated and unfortunate of animals? Ans.—Because they gambol in their youth, frequent the turf, are generally blacklegs, and are universally fleeced.

☞ Why is a person approaching a candle like a man getting off his horse? Ans.—Because he is going to a light.

☞ Why should crinoline be abolished? Ans.—Because it admits all females, without distinction, into the most fashionable circles.

☞ What is it you must keep after giving it to another? Ans.—Your word.

☞ Why is an auctioneer like a man with an ugly countenance? Ans.—Because he is always for-bidding.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

ENIGMA—The wise and learned monk, Roger Bacon. GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA—Turkey, Constantinople. MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA—Graves Bluffs. CHARADE—Winfield Scott. (Win-field-Scott.) RIDDLE—Broom. RIDDLE—Meat. ANAGRAMS—Chapais, Denabea, Onega, Salt, Ilmen, Top, Deer, Slave, North, Tule, Wener, Devil. GEOMETRICAL PROBLEM—4.5876 rods.

☞ "It is no doubt a true observation," says Bishop Patrick, "that the ready way to make the minds of youth grow sour is to lace them too hard, by denying them their just freedom."